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Elizabeth Hardwick • Anthony Quinton • Jervis Anderson

THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCT 6 1983

'I have a scheme...'

President Jesse Jackson?

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One study, conducted by scientists from a prominent school of public health and reported in the New England Journa of Medicine, found only small amounts

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most asked questions about cigarettes.

of nicotine in the atmosphere of cocktail lounges, restaurants, bus stations and airline terminals.

Interpreting data from that study, an editorial which appeared in the same publication made this observation: in public places, nonsmokers could potentially consume the equivalent of just 1/1000 to 1/100 of one filter cigarette per hour.

Putting it another way: a nonsmoker might have to spend 100 hours straight in a smoky bar to inhale the equivalent of a single filter cigarette.

A nonsmoker might have to spend 100 hours straight in a smoky bar to inhale the equivalent of a single filter cigarette.

Other recent studies on the effects of cigarette smoke in the air report similar findings. For example, a noted German scientist wrote in 1982 that the question of whether ambient smoke may be injurious to health remains open, based on presently available research.

Even the U.S. Surgeon General, an outspoken critic of smoking, said in 1982 that the available evidence is not sufficient to conclude that other people's smoke causes disease in nonsmokers.

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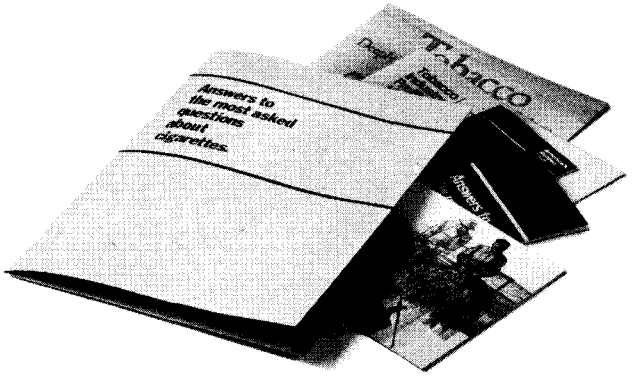

WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

WALZER'S JOURNAL

To the editors:

Michael Walzer's "Notes from an Israeli Journal" (TNR, September 5) is an extremely perceptive analysis of the mood in Israel. His point that just and unjust wars must be analyzed in prospect rather than retrospect, however, raises some temporal concerns. Mr. Walzer was in Jerusalem considerably after the invasion of Lebanon began and was only able to view retrospective attitudes. I was there teaching basically the same type of students from October 1981 to July 1982. At the time of the initial outbreak of hostilities, there was very widespread support for the action across most of the spectrum of Israeli politics. Only a handful of my friends and colleagues, those most active in Peace Now, opposed the initial twenty-five-mile incursion. Mr. Walzer is correct that Western media coverage of the war in Lebanon has led to great hostility by Israelis of all political persuasions. Perhaps the most profound statement about this was made by one of my graduate students. He argued that the rest of the world, and particularly Europe, has difficulty understanding the very idea of a Western nation perpetually at war. The upshot of the argument is that, in the beginning, it was hardly evident to most Israelis that the push beyond twenty-five miles (much less the siege of Beirut) was inevitable.

The difficulty in the Lebanese situation is the hubris that accompanies any such action (including those of the United States in Indochina and now in Latin America) that one nation is capable of "straightening out" another's politics. Particularly in Lebanon, where the number of armed factions is almost too numerous to count, the political situation is far too messy for any outside force (or perhaps any inside coalition) to resolve. Yet the government line at the outset, which most people seemed to accept, was that the mission was limited in scope and that once the P.L.O. was extricated from Lebanon (virtually the unanimously supported goal within Israel), all that would have been necessary was for Israel to install a Phalangist government which would then cooperate with the forces of Major Saad Haddad.

As the war dragged on with no hope of reaching any resolution of the problems of Lebanese politics and with mounting Israeli casualties, support waned. What happened simply was that the goals of the initial invasion seemed to be unattainable and that the conflict seemed remote from the major issues in the Middle East "trap." The Palestinian problem came no closer to resolution, but the security problem on the West Bank and Gaza did not become that much more dangerous either. No other leader agreed to negotiate with Israel.

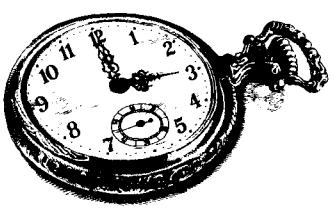
The problem with deciding which wars are just and which are unjust is that it is not always so easy to do in prospect. Perhaps the sophisticated Israeli public should have realized where the Lebanon conflict would ultimately lead. But this is a very stringent demand. The real paradox is that the Lebanon war seemed to be as inevitable as it was unnecessary and tragic.

ERIC M. USLANER
College Park, Maryland

To the editors:

Israel's Labor Party, which, as Michael Walzer points out, is still regarded as the establishment by many Israeli voters, must bear its share of the responsibility for Ariel Sharon's disastrous campaign. The leaders of the Party, Shimon Peres and Generals Yitzhak Rabin and Chaim Bar-Lev, gave their consent at a meeting with Prime Minister Begin before the start of the campaign and the party did not vote against it when it was debated in the Knesset a few days after the invasion. Labor's leaders are now trying to hide behind the fiction that they consented only to an advance to the forty-five kilometer limit. The Israeli voter is too smart to fall for it. As Mr. Walzer points out, the war was well planned. Thousands of Army officers and men had been completely briefed. Peres, Rabin and Bar-Lev must have known where the Army was going. Even I knew it, and I don't live in Israel and I know only one Israel Army officer above the rank of major.

My story is illustrative. In April 1982, two months before the invasion of



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Lebanon, I was having a drink in a Jerusalem café with a lieutenant-colonel in a reserve paratroop brigade. My friend had fought in five wars and he was worried about surviving his sixth. He said that preparations for crossing the border were complete but that there were some secret plans that troubled him, so secret that he couldn't even hint what they were. While we were talking, one of the evening papers arrived in the café. Across the top of the page in two lines of large, black type was this headline: IF WAR STARTS, WE WILL MARCH ON BEIRUT—SHARON. Sharon had bluntly stated his aims in an interview with *Le Monde* and the Tel Aviv paper had picked it up. When he read the headline, my friend gasped and banged the table: "That's the secret I couldn't tell you."

JESSE ZEL LURIE
Pleasantville, New York

To the editors:
Michael Walzer's article was illuminating and praiseworthy except for one small detail: the reference to Bar Kochba as "a false messiah." It is a phrase which must inevitably suggest that Bar Kochba was a charlatan, and it is in the nature of such careless phrases, such as "pharisees, scribes, and hypocrites," to condition historical response for centuries. It also suggests that the "true messiah" is known and inadvertently makes for a thorny theological problem which the author probably doesn't intend. Bar Kochba was a valiant and tragic patriot whose military and political defeat ought not to bear the additional onus of being a "false messiah."

ROBERTA KALECHOFSKY
Marblehead, Massachusetts

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

To the editors:
M.P.'s statement in his Washington Diarist ("It Almost Doesn't Matter," TNR, August 29) that Senator Howard Metzenbaum "would not leave so much as a leaf scar on the tree of public life were he to disappear from it," is unfair. For many of us in Ohio who know him personally, for members of organized labor whom he has helped, for the consumers of energy in the nation, Senator Metzenbaum's disappearance from public life would be like a forest fire through the woods of public opinion.

WILLIAM A. LAVELLE
Athens, Ohio

SANDEMAN

It's known as the pride of Portugal. Yet for centuries now, it's been as close to the hearts of the English aristocracy as the country weekend.

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NASA at 25

The Soviet launch of the first man-made satellite in 1957 galvanized the attention of the world—and gave America reason to pause. The space age had been born with America only as a spectator.

Stunned by the Soviet achievement, the U.S. marshaled its national resources to meet the new challenges of space. To ensure that in the future we would not lag behind in scientific know-how, Congress began a crash program in support of education. To meet the immediate challenge, Congress created the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to direct a concerted American effort in space. Although we may have squandered the educational lead the crash program gave us, NASA has served America well in the quarter century since its birth.

NASA deserves much of the credit for meeting and then quickly surpassing the Soviet achievement in space. NASA has reached out to the planets and has begun to explore the universe. It has fulfilled what was once a dream of the ancient world and then a national goal for the United States: "land a man on the moon and return him safely to earth before the end of the decade." President Kennedy stated that goal in 1961 and since then 12 Americans have walked on the moon. No other country has sent even a single person there.

The research and scientific discoveries spearheaded by NASA have pushed technology forward, improving the quality of life, raising the standard of living, generating entirely new industries, and creating new jobs. So fundamental and so profound have been NASA's achievements that they quickly became part of our everyday life and have since been taken for granted.

Perhaps even more important than the myriad of practical applications is NASA's impact on the intellectual and spiritual well being of the nation. We are no longer a spectator in the space age. America is a full participant —indeed the leader. And this participation has fortified our national resolve, renewed confidence in our national purpose, and enriched the spirit of our times.

NASA mobilized the talents of science, industry, the universities, and government, advancing knowledge of our universe further than in all previous history. In doing so, NASA has set the standard for American efforts to compete across the whole spectrum of advancing technologies.

In this 25th anniversary year of NASA's birth, Americans should pause and reflect upon the great achievements and national pride that our space agency has brought about.

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FROM WASHINGTON

SOMETHING TO DECLARE

Americans wishing to visit Europe can just show up, have their passports stamped, and waltz right into the country of their choice. But Europeans and all other foreigners who wish to visit the United States (except Canadians, who aren't really foreign, are they?) must apply in advance for a visa, answer a lot of meddlesome questions, and wait for a response. Every year thousands are turned down. Of all the developed democracies, including even cliquish Japan, our country is by far the hardest to get into—not just for potential immigrants, but even for visitors.

These foreigners! The relevant U.S. statute, a 1950s period piece known as the McCarran Act, is a wonderful catalogue of xenophobia. For heaven's sake *don't* give us, even temporarily, your "aliens who are insane," your "aliens who have had one or more attacks of insanity," your "drug addicts or chronic alcoholics," your "paupers, professional beggars or vagrants."

Any nation must protect itself against visitors with "dangerous contagious diseases." But we also bar at the border "aliens who are polygamists or who practice polygamy or *advocate* the practice of polygamy." Also "aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read and understand some language or dialect." In 1965, a ban on the "feebleminded" was changed to read "mentally retarded" and—figure this one out—the phrase "aliens afflicted with epilepsy" was amended to "sexual deviation."

The most embarrassing provisions of the McCarran Act, though, are the ones excluding people for their political views. In just the past month, the State Department has denied visas to Dario Fo, a trendy-left Italian actor-playwright, and to Rubén Zamorra, the El Salvador rebel leader.

The key section of the McCarran Act begins calmly enough by forbidding anarchists and members of the Communist Party. It goes on to cover members of "any section, subsidiary, branch, affiliate, or subdivision" of the Communist Party: "Provided, That nothing in this paragraph . . . shall be construed as declaring that the Communist Party does not advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States"—because anybody who does and anyone "affiliated with any organization" that does is excluded later on.

The section ultimately works itself up into a magnificent frenzy, banning in biblical cadence not only those who advocate the overthrow of our government but anyone who advocates "the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers . . . of any other organized government" or even "the unlawful damage, injury or destruction of property," along with anyone "affiliated with any organization that writes, circulates, distributes, prints, publishes, or displays or causes to be written, circulated," etc., etc., "or that has in its possession for the purpose of circulation, distribution," etc., any "printed matter" advocating any of these things. Another section simply bans anyone thought to be planning "activities which would be prejudicial to the public interest."

As administered, the McCarran Act gives off a sort of Eastern European odor of halfhearted social control spiced with bureaucratic caprice. Someone might be barred in order to please a pro-American dictatorship that doesn't want its dissident citizens roaming American pressrooms, or just because a low-level consular official has a hangover.

The law can be interpreted to ban almost anyone who has ever expressed—or even heard—any interesting views about anything, and the courts have given the government virtually unlimited authority to interpret it. No reason need be given. At the same time, the government also has unlimited authority to grant waivers. Last year about twenty-five thousand people were initially denied visas on political grounds and all but five hundred got in anyway through appeals or waivers. In 1981 about twenty-seven thousand were denied visas and over five thousand of them couldn't get waivers.

Hortensia de Allende, widow of the assassinated Marxist president of Chile, has been admitted several times, but suddenly was refused a visa last March to prevent her from giving a speech in San Francisco. Carlos Fuentes, a Nobel Laureate writer of leftish views, can only be sure of getting a visa by returning from wherever he happens to be to Mexico City, where the U.S. consulate has the extensive records of his case. Another leftish Nobel Laureate, Gabriel García Márquez, couldn't get a visa at all from 1963 to 1971. His big break reportedly came when Secretary of State Henry Kissinger quoted from *One Hundred Years of Solitude* in a speech, and was told that the author was banned from our country.

Foreigners have no First Amendment rights. The Supreme Court ruled in 1972 that Americans have a First Amendment right to hear what foreigners have to say, but that this right is satisfied because we can read what foreigners have written and talk to them by international telephone. Of course that's true, and it's one of the things that makes the McCarran Act so preposterous. While Dario Fo's corporeal presence is denied us, his plays are being performed all over the country. Rubén Zamorra is quoted in the newspaper almost every day.

All this silly law has accomplished is to make us look like fools and hypocrites about free speech, especially to some of the people we most urgently wish to persuade that we are committed to freedom. The McCarran Act is infused with the metaphor of contagion. Subversive ideas are like contagious diseases, and carriers must be stopped at the border to protect the populace. But the theory of the Constitution is that subversive ideas are *not* dangerous and will *not* spread in an environment where all ideas are free to do battle.

What the Reagan Administration might really like would be a law allowing them to keep Rubén Zamorra out of El Salvador (perhaps by authorizing the State Department to let him into the United States, but not back out again). Theatergoers might relish a federal rule that avant-garde actor-playwrights who enter this country may only perform in Shakespeare and Chekhov and not their own plays. The McCarran Act only mocks such understandable longings, and insults American values that are a lot more important.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 17, 1983

DEFICIT DUEL

Deficits. The Reagan people can't live with 'em and can't live without 'em. Also, they can't live with each other. Donald Regan, the Secretary of the Treasury, says emphatically that a "thorough" Treasury study of the question shows that "there exists no necessary cause-effect link between deficits and interest rates." Oh, and one other thing. "Economists who continue to claim that deficits make for high interest rates should climb down from their celestial observatories and acquaint themselves with terrestrial fact." Whomever can Mr. Regan be thinking of? Could those "economists" include Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who has been saying things like, "The reason for the very high level of long-term real interest rates is undoubtedly the unprecedented level of the budget deficits that are now predicted for the years ahead if no legislative action is taken"?

Who's right? And who cares who's right? Well, lots of people in the Administration care, and so do we, but for different reasons. Inside the Administration, Mr. Feldstein is regarded as an embarrassment, a loose cannon, and a party pooper. He simply refuses to trumpet the Administration line and insists on saying what he thinks, which tends to be dour Republican orthodoxy. Many of those who agree with Mr. Feldstein's economics wish that he would shut up, so that the Administration would seem unified even though it is not. Those who disagree with Mr. Feldstein's economics wish that he would be fired and sent home to Harvard. To both these groups, Donald Regan is a hero. He is the loyal, amiable pitchman who will argue any proposition that will keep the team's morale high. In the midst of the 1982 recession, Mr. Regan was predicting a boom any minute. A recovery eventually arrived—later than expected and only after much suffering, and only after the Federal Reserve loosened its monetary screws. Mr. Feldstein originally predicted it would be a weak recovery, but to the joy of his adversaries it has proved fairly strong. Mr. Feldstein now is saying that because of big deficits the recovery cannot last long. His adversaries want him to keep quiet or, like Mr. Regan, to try to talk the recovery into a long-lasting boom.

There is another reason why the Feldstein-Regan fight matters to people in the Administration. It concerns the man who floats above it all, President Reagan. The implication of Mr. Feldstein's case is that something needs to be done about a budget that can never get out of deficit under any conceivable economic circumstances. Realistically, that something must include tax increases. The President, who as late as last year was promoting a constitutional amendment to require balanced federal budgets, simply will not hear of tax increases—or defense-spending reductions, either. Logically, therefore, the Administration is obliged to say something to diminish the importance of deficits, and that is what Mr. Regan has tried to do with his study showing that there is no connection between federal deficits and high interest rates.

But people who have studied Mr. Regan's study say that it is flawed. These include James R. Capra, a Lehman Brothers economist who wrote in the *Quarterly Review*

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of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York that "deficits have historically not been high at the same time interest rates and inflation were high. But this lack of historical or statistical correspondence by no means proves that there is no relationship between deficits and these other variables."

Deficits are usually bigger in bad economic times than in good ones because tax revenues are down and welfare spending is up. In bad times, interest rates are usually down, too, because economic activity is low. According to Mr. Capra, it's on this basis that Mr. Regan's study concludes that high deficits do not produce high interest rates. But something new is happening now. We face the prospect of high deficits during a prolonged recovery, he says, and this means one of two things: "Either a non-inflationary monetary policy will lead to a confrontation between public and private credit demands that will drive up real interest rates or the Federal Reserve will . . . inflate the money stock and the economy along with it."

It *does* matter who is right: Mr. Feldstein and his quiet, orthodox allies on one side, or Donald Regan, President Reagan, and a few remaining supply-side true believers on the other. Deficits do matter, both economically and politically.

POLITICS is more interesting than economics, so we'll start with that. Politically, Ronald Reagan should be judged in 1984 on the basis of what he's done and failed to do in office. He complained in 1980 about Democratic deficits and pledged to reduce them—to balance the federal budget, in fact, by fiscal year 1984 (the one that starts this month). According to Congressional Budget Office figures analyzed in a study by the Urban Institute, the federal deficit under Carter Administration policies would have declined from $71 billion in fiscal 1981 to $28 billion in fiscal 1983 and would have converted to a surplus in years thereafter. Thanks to Mr. Reagan, the deficits will be $200 billion this year, next year, and far into the future.

Not only has Mr. Reagan failed to balance the budget as he promised, and produced deficits that dwarf those of recent (supposedly profligate) Administrations, he has opened himself up to political attack because of the means by which he has widened the deficits. He gave a tax bonanza to rich people and corporations in the belief that this would produce more savings, investment, and production. It has failed to deliver those results, so it has forfeited its entire moral justification and has become merely a gift to the rich at the expense of everyone else (and of budgetary balance). And on the outlay side, the President has asked for (and received) huge defense increases that were matched by neither domestic spending cuts nor increased taxes. The cuts in domestic spending—from 15.6 percent of the G.N.P. to 13.9—have been at the expense of programs aiding the poor, not of entitlements benefiting the relatively comfortable.

According to the Urban Institute, President Carter's policies, if left unchanged, would have produced an $11 billion surplus in fiscal 1984 and a $90 billion surplus in 1986. President Reagan has increased defense by $30 billion over Carter projections for 1984 and $69 billion for 1986 while cutting back domestic spending by $53 billion next year and $65 billion in 1986. The combined aftereffects of Mr. Reagan's recession and his tax cuts will produce revenue losses from the anticipated Carter levels of $216 billion in 1984 and $303 billion in 1986. Mr. Reagan's 1984 budget, in other words, will be $224 billion more unbalanced than Mr. Carter's would have been. His 1986 budget will be $326 billion further out of whack.

SUCH DEFICITS make a mockery of the term "conservative." The Reagan Administration's economic policies are neither careful nor protective of the nation's future. The Reaganites have not sponsored the historic program of investment in new plant and infrastructure that might have provided a basis for future prosperity. They have touched off a national borrowing and buying binge that will have to be paid for in the morning. These are the economic effects of the Reagan deficits. Because they will have impact over a long term rather than a short one, they may not affect the 1984 election. They should.

When the government has a deficit, it borrows to pay its bills. The pool of money from which it borrows is known as net private savings, which is the sum of business's retained earnings, pension fund deposits, and individual savings, less capital depreciation. Historically, net private savings has amounted to about 7 percent of the G.N.P. Historically, too, federal government borrowing has amounted to about 1 percent of the G.N.P., leaving 6 percent for private investment and housing construction. The Reagan Administration, however, is projecting structural deficits that will amount to 5 or 6 percent of the G.N.P., meaning that only 1 or 2 percent will be available for long-term investment.

Large deficits do have utility in the short term. They stimulate demand for goods and services. They keep a recovery going, and that is why the Administration abhors the idea of deficit-cutting tax increases or defense reductions. It wants the current recovery to surge along through the 1984 election, long enough and strong enough to make voters forget about the 1982 recession. Liberal Democrats long have appreciated the role that federal spending and deficits can have in boosting the economy along. Conservative Republicans used to condemn Keynesianism as immoral. The Reagan Administration, however, has carried federal borrowing to unprecedented peacetime levels of profligacy.

To the extent that recovery brings the economy back toward full utilization of plant—it was below 70 percent during the recession and is now up to 77 percent—there will be competition for borrowed money between the public and private sectors. There are then two possibilities. If the Federal Reserve Board chooses, it can print extra money. If the Fed does not choose to be accommodating, the

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competition for money will produce higher and higher interest rates. In a full employment economy, the first course leads to inflation, the second to recession.

We are, of course, very far away from a full employment economy, and there is room for monetary stimulation without fear of inflation. The problem, though, is that financial markets look at money-printing as a danger signal. Those who buy bonds demand higher interest rates to protect themselves against inflation, and the Fed reacts by squeezing back on money supply, which also has the effect of raising interest rates and discouraging investment.

The Administration thinks it can avoid the consequences of big deficits by attracting funds to the United States from abroad. That does happen when interest rates are high and foreigners can earn better returns here than in their home countries. However, such foreign investment tends to be short-term—the money is parked, not planted—and a corresponding long-term penalty is exacted. The dollar's value is inflated as against other currencies, raising the price of U.S. goods and depressing exports. Export is the wave of the future in the United States, but the Reagan Administration is looking only to the next thirteen months.

Deficit reduction will be an unpleasant process, as forgoing current gratification for future reward always is. Congressional Democrats do not want to talk about tax increases or domestic spending cuts, and the Reaganites do not want to talk about tax increases or defense spending cuts. And yet, there are some responsible figures in both parties who understand that eventually some combination of all three remedies will have to be resorted to, and the sooner the better. Walter Mondale and John Glenn, among the Democrats, both have said that new taxes will be needed; Senator Bob Dole has called for a fiscal summit conference to work out an agreement between the Administration and Congress this year on tax and spending policy.

If it were up to Martin Feldstein, we assume that President Reagan would be at such a conference, negotiating a compromise that might save the next President, whoever he is, a lot of economic grief. Donald Regan, on the other hand, is playing to Mr. Reagan's gut aversion to higher taxes, damn the consequences. Mr. Feldstein, who never believed in the supply-side fantasy, is right to be worried. In this battle, at least, we are siding with him.

IN THE CROSSFIRE

The most disadvantaged people in the bloody maelstrom of Lebanese society are the Shiites, a divergent Moslem strain dating to the earliest years of Islam. The Shiites are the largest of the dozen or so religious illuminations competing for some political and security guarantees in the new Lebanon; they had none in the old. The Shia story is difficult to tell: theologically linked to the mullahs who rule in Tehran, they deeply distrust Iran's prime allies in the Arab world, Libya and Syria. The distrust is based on good and sufficient reasons, i.e., murder and persecution. And if some elements in the Shia militias have from time to time fought alongside the Syrians, other elements (even the same ones) have found themselves fighting alongside the Israelis—during last year's war, for example, and with Major Haddad in the south over several years. Such is the miserable destiny of a despised minority in the Middle East: to have no permanent friends, but many permanent enemies. The press seems wholly uninterested in the Shiites except when they're battling U.S. Marines. Though their situation is far more complex (and only marginally less dire), the Druse are apparently far easier to evoke, perhaps because one of their leaders, Walid Jumblat, a hereditary feudal chief if there is one in today's Lebanon, makes it simple for Americans by calling the Druse cause the "Progressive Socialist Party," and performing well on television. Not much else is required to gain attention.

Of course, massacres also win attention, don't they? Well not really—not of late, at least. In the next-to-last paragraph of a thirty-three-paragraph story on sectarian strife in the September 27 *Wall Street Journal*, David Ignatius casually observes that "hundreds of Christian civilians appear to have been massacred by Druse and Palestinians during the recent fighting in the mountains. . . ." Other papers have barely observed that much. This is a big story, wouldn't you think? Where are the intrepid television crews, the courageous reporters, the outraged commentators? Why is no one's conscience now afflicted?

NOTEBOOK

□ 1984 COUNTDOWN: "The National Association of Manufacturers changes the name of its Council on a Union Free Environment to CUE—An Organization for Positive Employee Relations. A NAM spokesman says it dropped the anti-union handle because 'we wanted to update the name.' " (*The Wall Street Journal*, September 27.)

□ A FREE ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION will be awarded to the reader who submits the best rhyming couplet in the style of Alex Heard's article on page 16 of this issue. Decision of the judges—that's us—will be final. Entries must be received by October 17 and should be addressed to "Somebody," TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

□ EDWARD ZWICK, a member of the Board of Directors of The New Republic Corporation, has just won two Emmys for his play on NBC, *Special Bulletin*. One Emmy was for the best television script of last season; the other was for

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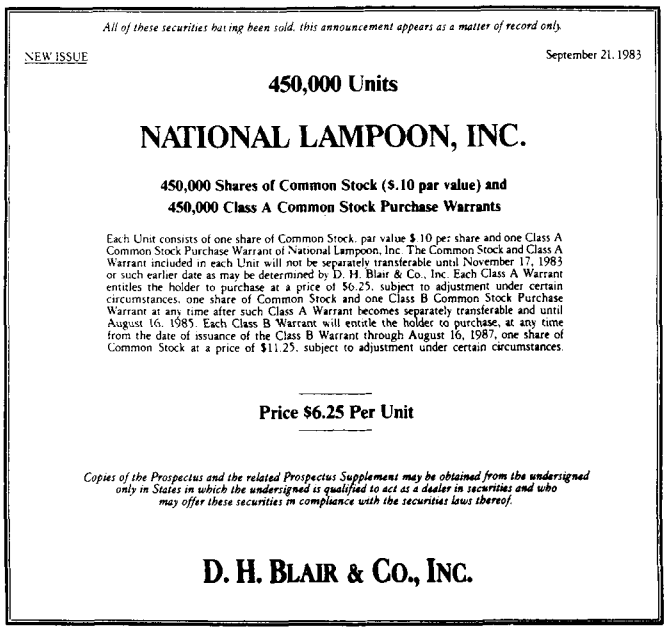
the year's best dramatic production. The controversial drama, which several local stations declined to show, dealt with the dangers of nuclear terrorism. A former staff member of TNR, Mr. Zwick edited *Literature and Liberalism*, an anthology of sixty years of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

□ ZEITGEIST BUSINESS NEWS, PART 1.



All of these securities having been sold, this announcement appears as a matter of record only.

NEW ISSUE

September 21, 1983

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—Advertisement in *The New York Times*, September 21

□ ZEITGEIST BUSINESS NEWS, PART 2: A four hundred-seat replica of Maxim's of Paris—including Tiffany lamps, Pierre Cardin place settings, and a full wine list—has opened in fashionable downtown Peking. Who says a revolution is not a dinner party? Major credit cards accepted.

□ THE NEW REPUBLIC is looking for an editorial secretary to serve as assistant to the editors. Washington secretarial experience essential. The job requires very fast typing and shorthand, telephone juggling, travel arranging, scheduling, sandwich ordering on a large scale, and ego maintenance. Interested persons should submit resume to Kristine Klasman at this office.

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "It would be idle to deny that many Negroes at present are deeply dissatisfied with President Roosevelt. Probably some of them will vote for the Republican candidate next year, whoever that candidate may be. It is regrettable of course that any Negro should vote on a single issue, that of race equality; that he should not consider all the elements in the situation, including the kind of America the Republican Party wants to make if it gets into power. It is indicative, however, of the seriousness with which the Negroes take the race issue that many of them will vote on a basis of this matter alone." (The Editors, "The Negro in America: A Special Section," October 18, 1943.)

Conspiracy by newspaper.

OVERFRIENDLY SKIES

But the more I reflected . . . the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.
—*Edgar Allen Poe*, The Purloined Letter

On February 1, 1982, an unusual telephone colloquy took place. It went, in part, as follows:

PUTNAM: Do you have a suggestion for me?
CRANDALL: Yes, I have a suggestion for you. Raise your goddamn fares 20 percent. I'll raise mine the next morning.
PUTNAM: Robert, we . . .
CRANDALL: You'll make more money and I will too.
PUTNAM: We can't talk about pricing.
CRANDALL: Oh, bullshit, Howard. We can talk about any goddamn thing we want to talk about.

Howard was Howard Putnam, president of Braniff Airlines. Robert was Robert Crandall, president of American Airlines. What was unusual about this conversation was not, perhaps, that the president of a major corporation was attempting to conspire with a competitor to set prices, but that the competitor said "no," recorded the conversation, and turned the tape over to the Justice Department.

No good deed goes unpublished. Hapless Howard's airline soon went out of business. Lucky Robert has done better. Last month a federal judge dismissed the antitrust charges against him. Since Howard had said "no" to Robert's proposal, the judge reasoned, there was no conspiracy. Meanwhile, the profit picture for Robert's airline has brightened considerably. This is largely because clever Robert tried again, only this time he did it the right way.

The wrong way to conspire with competitors is to call them up on the phone or meet them at a secret hideaway. The right way is to conduct your negotiations through the newspapers and let reporters do the dirty work for you.

Last March 14, just two weeks after the Justice Department released the transcript of Robert's embarrassing secret phone call, Robert's company, American Airlines, proclaimed a new, simplified rate structure. This was a time of intense competition in the airline industry, featuring fares like $99 cross country. Robert's plan "simplified" such fares out of existence. Robert proposed that regular coach fares be based on a strict mileage formula, and that special deals be no more than 50 percent off the regular fare.

Robert's airline insisted that consumers would benefit from its plan because they were "confused" by current arrangements. Oddly, though, consumers seem to prefer confusing fares if they are also cheaper. Ungrateful fliers undoubtedly would have deserted Robert's airline in

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droves unless Robert's competitors could be persuaded to go along with his "simplification." But would they? Here's where journalism came in.

The very next morning, Robert got feedback from competitors all over the country without leaving the comfort of his Fort Worth home, simply by picking up *The Wall Street Journal*. "Our first reaction to American's action is strongly positive," a TWA spokesman was quoted as saying. Pan American "is studying American's action and hasn't decided what to do." A spokesman for Delta in Atlanta called the move "very positive," complained politely about "the limited information we have," and asked for "other firm details."

A United spokesman also said it was too early to decide, but: "We support any move to increase the yield, or revenue per passenger mile, because low yields have been an industry problem for some time." "Low yields" means less money from customers. Businesses usually prefer "high yields."

The March 16 *New York Times* business section brought Robert the good news: "United Airlines said yesterday that it would adopt a fare plan announced Monday by American Airlines . . ." United and American are the nation's two biggest domestic carriers. By the end of the month, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Northwest, Republic, TWA, USAir and Western had told Robert, through the newspapers, that they would go along. There was a brief setback when Pan Am announced some special fares as much as 50 percent below those permitted by American's plan. But Pan Am's domestic system is not extensive, and the special deal lasted only two months.

A check of prices on fifteen domestic routes last week revealed that almost all basic coach fares now match American's formula to the penny. A few are actually higher; none are lower. The regular coach fare from New York to Los Angeles is now $423 one way on American, United, and Pan Am. The best special deal is $379 round trip, which is somewhat better than the 50 percent maximum discount Robert was hoping to enforce, but it only applies on Tuesdays and Wednesdays with a seven-day advanced purchase and a stay over of between seven and fourteen days. (Available on both odd and even days of the month, generously enough.) Somewhat less restrictive round-trip fares are 60 to 75 percent of coach—almost exactly according to formula.

The Antitrust Division of the Justice Department has dismissed the suggestion that this episode violates the antitrust laws, and indeed conspiracy by newspaper would be impossible to police. Wherever there are only a few large competitors, they will not have much trouble coordinating their prices. "Simplification," for this reason, is almost always a bad thing for consumers. We benefit most from a maximum of confusion and turmoil, and the airlines that cause such turmoil are the ones that deserve our thanks.

Fly People Express. For that matter, fly Continental.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

WE BELIEVE TELEVISION SHOULD EXPLORE VAST WASTELANDS. NOT BE ONE.
Join us for Season IX as the National Geographic Specials continue an unparalleled tradition of programming excellence on Public Television. Watch for four new Specials, beginning in January, as National Geographic cameras explore Jane Goodall's world of wild chimpanzees; the romance and adventure of railroads; the life and endeavors of Sir Edmund Hillary since conquering Mount Everest; and the heroic efforts to save a critically endangered species—whooping cranes. For exact times, check your local PBS listings. The National Geographic Specials are produced by the National Geographic Society and WQED/Pittsburgh. And underwritten for the ninth consecutive year by Gulf Oil Corporation.
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He has a scheme.

DR. J.

BY WILLIAM BRASHLER

AT AUGUST'S twentieth anniversary March on Washington, the members of the press sat listlessly on the grass in their roped-off section, complaining about the heat. But when Jesse Jackson rose to speak, they crowded around on tiptoe, straining to see, scribbling furiously in their notebooks. This was a day Jackson wanted especially to make his own, and he was in his element: the dais, the pulpit, the camera, the tight, bright, adoring spotlight of clamor and acclaim. But his voice was hoarse that day, and his message was hardly in a class with "I have a dream." Specifically, it was "rocks just layin' around"—the refrain of a complicated metaphor involving David, Goliath, Ronald Reagan, and the number of unregistered black voters in states with lots of electoral votes. Jackson was not at his best. Still, he got the ink and the air time. Not long afterwards he was off to Europe, where he struck the usual politician's pose at the Berlin Wall. And one day soon he will let the world know whether or not he will be a candidate for President of the United States.

Running for President is a logical mission for one who regards himself as an American moral leader, who founded an organization modestly titled People United to Save Humanity, and who happens to be black in a time of a black political renaissance. Yet the Presidency seems, at first blush, an odd job for a man of his qualifications. He has never held public office, whether in government or the Democratic Party, whether elective or appointive. He has no experience in some important areas, such as foreign policy. In fact, the whole notion of making a Presidential bid would appear to be frivolous if Jackson and his supporters—who acknowledge that he has no chance of winning—weren't so serious about it. But therein lies the challenge and allure of launching a campaign, one that now seems appropriate to Jackson and a dedicated group of supporters while at the same time appearing to some political realists, including a number of prominent black politicians and civil rights leaders, to be futile and potentially divisive.

Jackson can argue that unlike most of the other candidates, he is at least a recognized leader of an authentic popular movement. "Run, Jesse, run!" the people chant. Other candidates may have Senate staffs and position papers, but no one is chanting "Run, Reubin, run!" or "Run, Gary, run!" Jesse Jackson is and always has been a preacher who knows how to stir the soul of a crowd. "We can move from the slave ship to the championship! From the guttermost to the uppermost! From the outhouse to the courthouse! From the statehouse to the White House," he says. "Run, Jesse, run!" the people shout. "If you run, you might lose. If you don't run, you're *guaranteed* to lose," he cries. "Run, Jesse, run!" comes the reply.

Beneath that lies a vault of opportunism. Because of the social policies of the Reagan Administration, a perceived void in Democratic leadership, and recent, significant political victories by black candidates such as Harold Washington in Chicago and Wilson Goode in Philadelphia, the former due to a remarkable, grass-roots black voter registration, a new black political vigor has been born. And Jesse Jackson is ready to ride.

The idea of a black Presidential candidate was first broached by the Coalition for 1984 Election Strategy, an ad hoc group of about two dozen black leaders, including Percy Sutton, Benjamin Hooks, Walter Fauntroy, and Richard Hatcher, which began meeting in mid-1982. The group's concerns were twofold: to formulate a platform articulating the concerns of blacks, Hispanics, and other disadvantaged groups; and to consider whether the time was right for a serious black Presidential candidacy. No individuals, including Jesse Jackson, were named, and nobody within the group volunteered, but a consensus held that a black should run.

The most persuasive rationale for such a candidacy, according to Mayor Hatcher, who also happens to be board chairman of PUSH and head of the Jesse Jackson Presidential Advisory Committee, is the existence of an estimated 8 million unregistered black voters across the country. "If a black candidate runs a serious campaign," Hatcher said, "and has charisma and can articulate the issues, not just about blacks but issues that cut across racial lines, then a large number of unregistered voters—blacks, women, the poor—would register." A glance at census and voting figures for 1980, especially in the South, shows that those voters could indeed make a difference, just as Jackson argued on the Mall. Some examples of the number of unregistered black voters, with President Reagan's 1980 margins in parentheses: Alabama, 287,720 (17,462); Arkansas, 86,858 (5,123); South Carolina 327,722 (11,456); Tennessee 171,268 (4,710); and, perhaps most

William Brashler, a Chicago-based writer, is the author of seven books, the most recent of which is a novel, *The Chosen Prey* (Harper & Row).

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surprising, New York, 915,320 (165,459). Rocks just layin' around.

It is also believed that a strong black candidate would give a greater focus to local elections, especially in black areas where the number of black office seekers has always been abysmally low. The goal, Hatcher said, is to slate as many as two thousand more black candidates in 1984. Recent elections in Mississippi were a start. Voter registration, spurred by several appearances by Jesse Jackson, was greatly increased—and blacks won an estimated 60 percent of the races they entered.

Such a role would nominally satisfy Jackson's personal ambitions. "I am a catalyst, not a Messiah," he has said. In fact he is a crusader, an itinerant preacher who can rattle any pulpit, and then go off in search of another flap. His critics have long complained that Jackson is great at the start and nonexistent in the follow-up, a person who relishes the going rather than the getting there. He himself says: "I'm a tree shaker, not a jelly maker."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEPARD SHERBELL, PICTURE GROUP, INC.

Jackson has pointed to yet another factor, that of the role played by top Democrats in the Harold Washington campaign in Chicago. Edward Kennedy's support for Mayor Jane Byrne and Walter Mondale's for Richie Daley in the primary election were viewed by Jackson and others as evidence that they could not depend on even the most progressive white candidates to be sensitive to the black community. As Lu Palmer, one of Mayor Washington's key organizers, said: "We simply have no confidence in white officeholders."

That Jackson has never been an officeholder, or functioned on any level of government, doesn't worry his supporters. Those who urge him to run—political veterans like Hatcher, Sutton, Ramsey Clark, and Ron Dellums—insist that in running he will air issues and concerns that mainstream Democrats refuse to face head on.

To dismiss Jackson as a demagogue, accurate as that might be, is to overlook the role he plays in the new black politics. To be sure, he is not Presidential timber, and one is hard pressed to find anyone in his camp who seriously thinks he is (although Hatcher suggests that he is at least as qualified as was Ronald Reagan). But he is the movement's most visible and vocal spokesman, and this appears to be quite enough at this stage. To ignore it is to miss the vaporous essence of the man.

Jackson is a preacher first of all, a product of a Baptist upbringing in Greenville, South Carolina, a would-be football player who gave up the pads for the pulpit, and then became involved in civil rights. He was with Martin Luther King Jr. when he was killed in Memphis, initially declaring that he held the dying King in his arms, a claim soundly refuted by witnesses and reporters. He went to Chicago in 1970 to head the Southern Christian Leadership Council's Operation Breadbasket, but soon quit to form his own group, Operation PUSH.

His only formal political involvement came in 1972, when he joined a group of independent Chicago Democrats to unseat Richard J. Daley's hand picked delegates to the Democratic National Convention. That association soon dissolved, for Jackson's broken-field style meshed badly with the day-to-day workings of practical politics. Despite Daley's unpopularity among Chicago blacks, Jackson was unable to mobilize any appreciable black support for William Singer's mayoral campaign against Daley in 1975. His fortunes reached a low point in 1976, when attendance at PUSH's Saturday morning meetings sank and the organization nearly went bankrupt.

That changed with the emergence of what Jackson called PUSH-EXCEL, a back-to-basics program for ghetto public school students. The message, as pumped by Jackson to packed school auditoriums, was to shape up. "Nobody can save us from us but us. . . . You may be in the slums, but don't let the slums be in you," he scolded. It was different, and enormously appealing to white America. Jackson was "saying things about blacks," wrote his biographer, Barbara Reynolds, "that no white person could say." In so doing he attracted glowing national attention from CBS's "60 Minutes," and adulatory spreads in *People*, *Time*, and other national magazines. He also attracted money in the form of $4.5 million in public and private grants, which launched PUSH-EXCEL across the country, but which would later come back to haunt the organization and Jackson himself.

Jackson went from there to scattershot protests and boycotts, involving everything from South African boxer Gerrie Coetzee and lyrics in a Rolling Stones song to his well-publicized "trade covenants," which extract promises of black hiring and subcontracting

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AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

From Chicago Resident To U.S. President

I can't say where I heard this, but I happen to know the real reason Jesse Jackson is hesitating about running for President, and it has nothing to do with criticisms from other black leaders, fear of splintering the black vote, inexperience in foreign affairs, or Education Department audits claiming PUSH-EXCEL misspent federal grants. The problem is that his speechwriters have told him there is no way they can keep him supplied with enough slogans, internally rhyming one-liners, and exhortatory campaign couplets to keep him going for an entire national campaign.

Straight speeches, yes. Statistics, sure. Charges, countercharges, and denunciations, no problem. But as for the material that makes the Rev. Jesse Jackson *the* Rev. Jesse Jackson—hey, that doesn't just drop from the sky on leaflets. It takes hard work. As one Jackson speechwriter described it to me:

"It's very difficult. What we do is, we line up a bunch of 'issues' words in one column—food, jobs, peace, insensitivity, deployment, gender gap, whatever. Then we try to match them up with 'gut' or 'emotion' words. Good, employment, enjoyment, great, we're movin'—you know. Now, that works fine as long as Jesse is the Rev. Mr. PUSH-EXCEL, but when he becomes the Rev. Mr. Presidential Candidate and everything's on national TV—well, then we've got a problem. We'll need fresh material, and lots of it. The old stuff works fine in junior high, but some of these people are gonna start after they hear 'From the outhouse to the courthouse to the statehouse to the White House' for the seventh time. Is that how that one goes?"

So what, right? That's not how I feel. I *like* J.J., and I think he'd make a great candidate. I like those golf shirts with military tabs he wears. I like it when he says, over and over, "I am . . . *somebody*!" It makes me feel as if I *am* somebody, although, strictly speaking, as a white nonteen from a rural town in western Kansas, I'm not.

Mainly, though, I think he'd liven up what threatens to be a pretty dull campaign. Just think of it. Remember how much fun the Carter-Reagan debate was? Imagine Reagan-Jackson:

Moderator: Mr. Jackson, what specifically are some of the economic policy changes you would bring to this office?

Mr. Jackson: We don't want *free grub*, we want in *the power hub*! From being porters to giving orders, from saying yessir to the Social Register.

Moderator: President Reagan?

President Reagan: Something like 98 percent of what I'm told is—so I'm glad he brought that up—because this is a, an, a issue that—

Mr. Jackson (interrupting): We don't want an *alibi*, we want our share of the *economic pie*!

President Reagan (to himself): I didn't want to study poetry, but I had to because, because I was told I had to play football, and—

Moderator: President Reagan?

President Reagan: Now, ya know, we're all very proud of Reggie's accomplishment on the baseball field, and I—but sports is sports and politics is, is . . . school . . . they said no pitching on the ball team without that English class. . . . *(he trails off)*

And think of the new gaffes Jesse could make:

We don't want enforced economic equalization and justification, we want . . . wait, no, we *do* want that. . . .

(From an ad-lib made during a holiday speech): So keep your 'presents,' Santa Ronald, all we want is . . . uh . . . mnm. . . .

And the press badgering he'd get:

Mr. Jackson: From the poll tax to cutbacks to AWACs!

A Reporter: Mr. Jackson, could you elaborate on what you mean by that?

Mr. Jackson: (silence)

I want to do my part to help Jesse avoid these embarrassing situations. If he needs material, then I'll give him material. Below are five things that I'm willing to donate to the Jackson-for-President effort at no charge. I don't even expect any thanks:

We don't want the man's free lunch, we want to be the *power bunch*!

From the safety net to the cabinet, from ripping off us to the Oval Office.

We don't want Ray Gun's star wars, we just want some jobs that *are ours*.

From federal largesse and generosity, to economic and social reciprocity.

We don't want your class divisiveness, we just want a life that's rife with bliss.

Oh, what the heck, here's some more:

From problems that stalk us to the Iowa caucus.

From outrage to center stage, from the Ron Team to a fond dream.

From frustration to education to anticipation to inauguration.

From a tyrannical reign to a Presidential campaign.

From a thirst for knowledge to the Electoral College.

From being lonely and blue to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

From having no fun to Air Force One.

From Ronnie's bull to a life that is full.

From the cheese line to the Hot Line.

From government gyps to a view of the Ellipse.

And my favorite, designed to appease the "Jackson-is-ignorant-on-foreign-affairs" crowd: I'm no sinner, I'm a winner—*Ich bin ein Berliner*.

That's it for now. Now, if some of the rest of you want to help, that would be great. Especially you poets and grad students and daily newspaper versifiers with plenty of spare time? Okay? Great. Sorry, but I don't have an address. Just send your stuff to:

Jesse Jackson for President
c/o PUSH-EXCEL
Chicago

Sorry, but the volume of mail received makes individual acknowledgement impossible.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard's last parody for TNR took care of *USA Today* (June 6, 1983).

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with companies such as Burger King and Coca-Cola.

It is with that background that he has emerged as a Presidential candidate, something which might seem ludicrous were it not a time in which blacks feel themselves beleaguered and obliged to close ranks so as not to derail the movement. Still, Jackson's ambitions are by no means unanimously embraced. Black leaders such as Joseph Lowery of the S.C.L.C., Walter Fauntroy, and Coretta Scott King, who has always chafed at Jackson's pretensions to her late husband's mantle, have gone on record against Jackson's candidacy.

The dissension is both personal and theoretical. Jackson's supporters think that the established black politicians who oppose his bid do so because he threatens their own niches in the (white) political structure. "The most vocal core group of opponents of a black Presidential candidacy work mainly within large, nationwide organizations with heterogenous constituencies," wrote Marguerite Ross Barnett, professor of politics and education at Teachers College, Columbia University, in *PS*, the journal of the American Political Science Association. "These individuals and organizations operate mainly on the federal level, often with considerable sophistication, and are accustomed to and accept compromise as an intrinsic part of politics and are looking, in most cases, to make an early commitment to a major Democratic Party candidate in hopes of gaining an influential part in the campaign." In most cases, that candidate would be Walter Mondale. These same pols are seen as jealous of Jackson's popularity among the rank and file, and leery of him because they can't control him.

NEWLY CROWNED black politicians such as Mayor Harold Washington in Chicago and Philadelphia's Wilson Goode do a more elaborate manuever. Publicly they tend to keep their distance from Jackson; privately they recognize a debt to him. Jackson did not get Washington elected, but he did keep the heat on. Washington was persuaded to run only after a massive voter registration drive among black Chicagoans, in which Jackson's PUSH played only a partial role. The intense, block-by-block work was done by several community groups, spearheaded by Lu Palmer's Chicago Black United Communities. Once the people were registered, it was all Washington's campaign, with Jackson making few official appearances.

Yet from the pulpit of PUSH's weekly meetings, and particularly on a Saturday morning hour-long call-in show on radio station WJPC, Jackson kept beating home the message. He railed against Mayor Byrne's policies, her unfulfilled promises, her appointments, her attempts to buy the election. He relentlessly reviewed figures that showed it was possible in this election—a three-man primary—for blacks to elect a black if they kept the faith and pulled the lever. "Nobody articulates black concerns and frustrations as well as Jesse," said one campaign observer.

In the process, Jackson, as much as anyone, turned the Washington campaign into a crusade. It had to be that. In past Chicago elections not only were less than half the eligible black voters registered; of those registered, only 30 percent voted. To change that, Washington's forces estimated they had to turn out close to 90 percent of Chicago's black voters to elect their candidate, which they did. Only then did Jackson forget himself. While Washington waited cautiously before appearing in front of his supporters on primary night, Jackson grabbed the microphone and started chanting, "We want it *all*. Super Bowl! Super Bowl!" It was embarrassing, and Washington's aides scrambled to literally push him off the podium.

STILL, JACKSON'S campaign role helped refurbish his standing in Chicago, where he is not the black Moses the rest of the country considers him to be. That is partly because of overexposure, and partly because his role in Chicago is that of an agitator and a gadfly. During the Daley years, Jackson's causes were city jobs (particularly on the police and fire departments), political opportunity for blacks (something Daley distributed only to his own black pols), and police brutality. In the Byrne years, his pitch expanded into an attempt to get blacks, preferably of his choice, appointed to the school, housing, and transportation boards. In all of this, in legitimate issues and otherwise, Jackson, in dashiki or safari shirt, became as familiar as the clock on Marshall Field's. People grew tired of him.

Jackson's lack of respect in his hometown runs deeper than an occasional jibe from Mike Royko of the *Sun-Times* (who turned the moniker, "Jesse Jetstream"), parodies by local disc jockeys, or the fact that the 1979 book *Who Runs Chicago?*, by F. Richard Ciccone and Michael Killian, both of the *Tribune*, left him out. It stems instead from penetrating research and criticism from black writers such as Barbara Reynolds, author of a critical 1975 biography, *Jesse Jackson, the Man, the Movement, the Myth*; former *Tribune* reporter Clarence Page; the *Sun-Times*'s Betty Washington; and Vernon Jarrett, now a columnist with the *Sun-Times*, who recently described Jackson's "agenda" as "the promotion of Jesse Jackson as the king, the emperor, the most important black person of this century."

Praised for his dynamics and his electricity, Jackson is chided for being arrogant, shallow, and a one-man show whose programs are long on style and short on content and execution. Jackson is no revolutionary; he seldom takes a position that might alienate his supporters. His beliefs are still basically Baptist, including his (now muted) anti-abortion stand, and fundamentalist. His PUSH-EXCEL program was really little more than an old-fashioned switch across the knuckles of high school dropouts. "The door of opportunity is open for our people, but they are too drunk, too unconscious to walk through the door. We must now take the blame for our shortcomings," he said.

A key aspect of the PUSH-EXCEL thrust, however, and one that illustrates Jackson's political savvy, was its timing. Jackson's staying power has long thrived on his ability to sniff the social winds. He launched PUSH-EXCEL at the height of the "benign neglect" period. Though the program brought criticism from blacks, including Coretta

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Scott King, who felt it blamed the victim for his plight, and Thomas Todd, an attorney and former PUSH vice president who called it "a public relations stunt based on rhetoric and nothing more . . . an ally of right-wing, white America," it also attracted heavy media attention. Establishment politicians gave Jackson rave reviews, and millions in federal grants. With friends like that, Jackson didn't mind making black enemies.

That money, which stopped with the Reagan Administration, has come back to haunt Jackson in the form of federal audits. This was all but predicted in 1979 by Clarence Page when he tried to find out where PUSH-EXCEL's money went. "I'm the chief executive officer," Jackson told Page, "not the chief operating officer." The nameless operating officers, however, as federal auditors discovered, couldn't explain where a $240,000 Commerce Department grant had gone, and the government demanded a $56,411 repayment. Other grants, such as a $2 million CETA grant awarded PUSH-EXCEL by the outgoing Carter Administration, were canceled or put on hold. As of last summer, auditors had found that $1.6 million of the money was undocumented or had been improperly disbursed.

The charge is not one of fraud, but of basic mismanagement, and the Feds are negotiating with PUSH about repayment. That may be embarrassing to Jackson, and give the impression that with his flair for first-class jet travel and Izod jogging togs, he is open to personal scandal. But longtime observers, such as the *Tribune*'s Monroe Anderson, who has done extensive reporting on government grants to minorities, don't think so. "It's nothing crooked," said Anderson. "It's just bad management."

Jackson's stock reply is that the audits are politically motivated, and that he never asked for the money in the first place. (PUSH has always teetered financially, depending on the financial drawing power of Jackson alone. By and large, the black community is hard put to support PUSH and organizations like it. Apart from government money, underwriting comes from prosperous businessmen such as *Ebony*'s John Johnson. But Jackson is touchy about any insinuations. PUSH filed a libel suit against *The St. Louis Sentinel* when it accused Jackson of pressuring black businessmen in that city for contributions to PUSH. If and when Jackson runs for the Presidency, however, the press and his opponents will dig into his seldom-divulged financial records with a vengeance, and Jackson knows it.

THAT HE IS woefully unaccountable, and all but unconcerned with following through, remains a sticking point with fellow blacks. Once he'd left the high school auditoriums, his critics said, the kids who dedicated themselves to PUSH-EXCEL seemed to forget their pledges. Once a white company which Jackson had pressed for jobs for blacks had made a public commitment and a donation to PUSH, persistent reporters failed to find evidence of new blacks on company payrolls.

This doesn't mean that Jesse Jackson's newest pitch is doomed to the same fate. At present, the opposite is true. Black voting fever, fueled by victories in Chicago and elsewhere, is indeed sweeping the land, and Jackson is crucial to it. He is enjoying a newfound, albeit grudging, respect among former detractors, including black activists such as Lu Palmer and Thomas Todd, politicians, and reporters.

With the last group, Jackson has toned down his adversarial relationship. "He's not the for-me-or-against-me tyrant he once was," said one Chicago reporter, referring to many uncomfortable sessions with Jackson during which he would bait black reporters, particularly those working on the daily papers, and malign them for doing their jobs, questioning their methods, motives, and loyalties. His attitudes softened somewhat after he was mauled by the establishment press for his overture to Yasir Arafat in 1979. On that self-appointed peace mission—carried out at a time when public support in this country for Israel was on the decline—he physically embraced Arafat, encouraged by crowds chanting "Jackson! Arafat!" and returned to angry howls in the American press. ("When did Jesse Jackson *get* that particular afflatus—the necessity to recognize the P.L.O.?" wrote William F. Buckley.) It was then that he turned a kindlier eye toward black reporters, and they on him. Said one, "Nothing makes blacks come together quicker than when white power bases gang up on you." Another reporter said, "He's matured. He doesn't flaunt his ego like he used to. He knows how to stroke people and make it look sincere. There are still flashes of the old Jesse, but they're rare."

JACKSON IS extraordinarily skilled at winning over reporters sent to Chicago by the national press to profile him. He opens his routine to his new roommate, confides in him, runs him ragged, lectures and inspires him. The reporter goes home not only with filled cassette tapes and notebooks but with a *personal* glow, that he's touched and been touched, become privy to the man. *Time*'s Jack White said of the final hour of his week with Jackson, "It was a rare introspective moment. After more than twenty hours of exclusive conversations, I felt that I had finally seen the core of the man." The experience is so intoxicating, so flattering, that the ensuing articles are not just positive but rapturous.

What Jackson is banking on is that the rapture holds long enough for whites to take notice and for masses of blacks to catch the fever. The campaign will be a crusade, with black voters caught up in a sweep of hope. Jackson thrives in that atmosphere. His supporters discount suggestions that a Jackson candidacy, backed by what he calls a "rainbow coalition" of blacks, Hispanics, women, and the poor, will divide blacks, cast crucial support for Democrats such as Walter Mondale to the winds, and assist Ronald Reagan's reelection. More to the point, they contend, if Jackson does not run it is more likely that one of the candidates will roll into the convention with enough committed delegates to ensure his nomination, thereby leaving minority and special interest groups adrift. Richard Hatcher said, "If that happens

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these groups won't have any leverage, and their power within the party will be substantially lowered. With a Jackson in there, then you're guaranteed of a divided vote, and that's the best insurance that there is of a brokered-type convention."

That strategy hinges on the new black vote—2 to 3 million new voters with whom Jesse Jackson, with his rhetoric and his style, is undeniably linked. Even a portion of those voters added to the rolls would be enough to make Ronald Reagan worry about losing several states, particularly in the Deep South—and enough to make any Democratic front-runner desperate to have them. They would give blacks, and specifically Jesse Jackson, a powerful left-liberal influence upon the Democrats, similar to that which the Sun Belt-based right began to exert a generation ago upon the Republicans. It would be, as one supporter described it, "the first leg of a long, long journey."

It would also be marvelous theater. In the process of running in the New Hampshire primary, he'd thaw most of New England. Put him on the docket of a town meeting with John Glenn, Walter Mondale, Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, and the rest—and those establishment Democrats would squirm as never before. Slate him one-on-one with Ronald Reagan or George Bush in a televised debate and the Nielsens would erupt. He'd rave and rhyme, smile and wink, chide, taunt, and refute. As Jesse Jackson himself has said, "We do best what we do most."

From heroism to hypochondria.

GERMAN AUTUMN

BY WALTER LAQUEUR

Detmold

The statue of Arminius the Cheruscan, the liberator of Germany, is in the middle of a forest. He stands some sixty yards tall, from the ground to the tip of his mighty, upraised sword, and the inscription says: GERMAN UNITY—MY STRENGTH. It took about thirty years to complete this symbol of German nationhood; it was inaugurated in 1875, in the presence of the German emperor. To this day the statue attracts pilgrims from near and far. On the weekday in autumn when I went to see it, there was a crowd of perhaps two thousand people. I have never seen more than a few dozen visitors at Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery despite the fact that the grave of George Eliot is a few steps away, and Faraday's not much farther.

Who are these crowds? There are many young people, even though the story of Arminius is no longer taught in German schools in as much detail as it was in my day. Much of it is myth. The archaeologists and historians have tried hard, but very few facts are known about the young man—he was in his early twenties at the time of the battle of Teutoburg Forest—who was to become the great national hero of his country. It is believed that he was of royal descent, that he was a Roman citizen, that he participated as a Roman officer in the Pannonian campaign and was knighted for bravery.

Breaking an oath was no small matter at a time in which much emphasis was put on loyalty and honor. But he was also a German patriot and his great desire was to unite the warring German tribes. He defected, and, in a guerrilla campaign launched in the year 9 A.D., destroyed three Roman legions. About his subsequent career next to nothing is known, except that he lived for another twelve years and was killed by members of his own family.

But there is no certainty even about the site of the battle. The guidebook says there are some seven hundred theories. For the Romans the whole affair was a minor, if painful, episode in the annals of their empire. The story of Arminius was, in fact, forgotten until Tacitus's works were rediscovered in a nearby monastery around 1500. But ever since the time of Luther, whose quincentenary is being celebrated all over Germany, the figure of the liberator has caught the imagination of many Germans. Two dozen operas with Arminius as the hero were produced in the eighteenth century; and in 1897, in the city of New Ulm, Minnesota, a half-size copy of the statue was put up and still stands. The statue here was hit by shrapnel in the last stage of the war. The rain, the snow, and the winds did further damage, and in 1952 the sword had to be lowered for repair.

The crowds continue to come, and they are certainly not neo-Nazis. True, Detmold is in Lower Saxony, which used to be the main pocket of neo-Nazism. But in the last elections their share of the poll in this land was exactly 0.1 percent, much less impressive than the score of the neo-fascists in Italy. The people who visit the statue are seldom intellectuals. Nor are they particularly affluent;

Walter Laqueur is at work on a book on contemporary Germany.

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there are few Mercedes and BMWs in the parking lot. The stream of pilgrims probably constitutes a fairly representative cross section of contemporary Germany. Have they come here in the quest for national identity, about which everyone now talks? The love of the native land is back, the old songs and dances have again become fashionable, the German forest has been rediscovered at the very time that it is endangered by a mysterious disease. There is a new emphasis on the togetherness of small-town life. Everywhere throughout West Germany these days street fêtes and kermises are being celebrated.

After World War II all this was beyond the pale; Germans abroad did not even want to be recognized as Germans. The nation was discarded, and Germany was to become part of a greater unit—Europe. It was a noble dream, but others did not share the supranational enthusiasm. And so Germany, with its own traditions, values, and interests, is again coming into its own. This new nationalism manifests itself inter alia in a mild, mainly cultural, anti-Americanism, and it got its impulse more from the left than the right. Patriotism has become the thing among the radical writers and filmmakers.

19TH CENTURY WOOD ENGRAVING OF ARMINIUS
COURTESY OF THE GRANGER COLLECTION

There is a connection between this new mood and the mass demonstrations that may make this a hot autumn in West Germany. How dangerous is this mood? Resurgent German nationalism is traditionally a subject of considerable concern among Germany's neighbors, and, in the light of historical experience, not without reason. But there is a danger of misreading the signs: the present resurgence is not aggressive in character, it is not martial, it does not aim for expansion. It is reminiscent in some respects of the youth movement of the turn of the century. It is an attempt to withdraw from a dangerous world into pastoral seclusion, away from strife and politics.

According to one poll, the ideal home of the youngest generation of Germans is an island Shangri-la "with palms and suns and many fruits." Eighty-seven percent of those asked said they wanted very much to live in such a place. Such escape fantasies also show themselves in new sartorial fashions; the "Hawaii look" has become almost a second uniform for these young people. But South Sea islands are distant. The Iron Curtain is seventy miles away as the crow flies: this, then, is the root of the evil. Could the shadow not be lifted, could the two Germanies not be free and independent again? The chances, alas, are not good. Even if it is not possible at the moment, ought one not refrain from any action that might jeopardize the unification of the country at some later date? The writers and filmmakers of the left have proclaimed themselves the guardians of the flame of German unity. But this is not an easy role to play. Fassbinder's movies are shown on Third Avenue but not in East Germany, and the books of West German writers, with rare exceptions, have not been published there either. All this makes for a great deal of frustration, much of which gets taken out on America. In the smallest villages there are posters with hair-raising quotations from Colin Gray and other U.S. philosophers of nuclear warfare whose names would not ordinarily be household words in Goslar or Duderstadt.

A thinker of the extreme left called Thomas Schmid published an essay some time ago denouncing the "imperialist de-Nazification imposed by the goddamn Yankees who prescribed democracy for Germany." He continued: "The German fascination is very close to the German horror. I want more of both—and I am not impressed if I am called fascistoid. I want a left which is also German in its severity and inflexibility. I want to go to the depth of things, not to get stuck in superficial common sense." Schmid concluded with some observations about German political culture, its peculiar depth, its mysterious and impenetrable character. This kind of language, a rehash of the World War I writings of another Thomas, have made some people sound the tocsin, and there have been similar, albeit somewhat more restrained, utterings from other spokesmen of the literary left. The alarm, I believe, is premature. Mr. Schmid, who wants to shock some timid bourgeois souls, knows perfectly well that both fascination and horror have gone for a long time. If there is a streak of hypersensitivity among Germans, the same is true among Germany-watchers. Bombastic talk by some litterateurs should not be taken as the harbinger of some new disaster.

The explanation is much easier. For the first time in its history Germany has been integrated in the West—politically as well as culturally and economically. This is not a painless process and not everyone feels happy about it. But there is no other option—there is no second coming

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for a German *Sonderweg* (special mission), for National Bolshevism, or for the idea of a bridge between West and East. It is the old story of cultural imperialism, of Coca Cola civilization, hamburgers, inferior American movies, pop music at an intolerable noise level. (German radio stations decided some time ago that at least 25 percent of the popular music broadcast should have a German text, not an unreasonable demand. There have been even stronger complaints in other European countries.) It is also a story of unreasonably high expectations. For the first two decades after the war there was an excessive, uncritical admiration for all things American, and this subsequently gave way to disillusionment—again excessive. If America could do no do wrong in the 1950s, it could, as far as many intellectuals are concerned, do no right in the 1970s. Coleridge once wrote that there is a major weakness in all Germans, a tendency toward "too much." The observation may still be of some validity.

IN WILHELMIAN GERMANY, and again in 1933, the intelligentsia and the churches fell over each other in their genuflections to the state. Today no act of defiance against the authorities is too extreme. The psychological roots are obvious—writers and theologians want to demonstrate that they have learned the lessons of the past. They have learned them, alas, too well. Some of them act as if Hitler were still alive and as if the governments headed by Helmut Schmidt and Helmut Kohl were either fascist or pre-fascist. In their millennial enthusiasm, some of them behave like the more excitable monks did as the year 1000 approached, uttering dire, apocalyptic warnings about the end of the world. Some give us a few more years; others, such as the alternative Berlin daily newspaper *taz*, only a few months. The bookstores carry a book edited by Walter Jens, a distinguished writer and public orator, entitled *In the Last Hour*. Walking in the streets of an old university town, I realized that graffiti had become a major home industry. I was particularly arrested by the inscription KILL in enormous capital letters, on which someone had painted FUCK, and a third had written PRAY. How much philosophy in this palimpsest of four letter words, how much food for thought for a future Schliemann!

These are Germany's domestic affairs, and they should be watched by Germany's friends with sympathy, compassion, and patience, and without undue alarm. The immediate concern is that the demonstrations should pass without major incidents. A commander of the West German border police told me that his units had considerable experience in crowd control. He felt less sure about the American soldiers guarding their military installations. What if there were a "peaceful invasion" of a site in which nuclear weapons were kept? There are some provocateurs on the fringes of the peace movement who would welcome some martyrs. For the blood of the martyrs, as has long been known, is the soil in which the church prospers.

A city of some sixty-five thousand inhabitants, Detmold has a number of well-kept castles, a fine theater, and much visible evidence of the fact that a grand duke once resided here. The half-timbered buildings are well kept and impressive. On almost every one there are inscriptions in Latin or German. They give the name of the first owner and his wife, and bits of advice of a general kind: in all labor there is profit, the path of the just is as the shining light, righteousness exalteth a nation. The center of Detmold, like almost all German cities, has become a pedestrian zone; there are sidewalk cafés, restaurants, and ice cream parlors. In the front of the coffee house where I am sitting four pleasant young people are making music. They obviously do not expect to be paid; it is agitprop on behalf of some political cause, probably of the far left. But this is a very bourgeois city, unpromising territory for Maoism of the new left. Walking the streets, I've seen more than a few signs for organizations like "The Association of Expellees from the East." If Christ stopped at Eboli, Lenin did not linger long at Detmold—even though the three most prominent citizens of Detmold were all of the left. There was Ferdinand Freiligrath, the radical poet. There was Georg Weerth, according to Engels "the first writer of the German proletariat," and the only one with whom Marx did not quarrel. And there was Malwida von Meysenbug, the intellectual lady who knew and was admired by two or three generations of Europeans from Herzen and Richard Wagner to Romain Rolland and Lou Andreas Salomé.

THE REPERTORY of the four minstrels is wide—there are some I.W.W. songs in English, some Spanish songs of Civil War vintage, and one in German about a capitalist who, having transferred his money to a Swiss bank account, closes down his factory. The patrons don't pay much attention, but there is not much active hostility either. At last one of the singers makes a little speech which I hope will bring some clarification. But my confusion deepens; though the speech is made in German, a language not unfamiliar to me, the meaning remains incomprehensible. Then they start singing again—some German folk songs, a Negro spiritual, then a song about Jesus. Do they belong to a religious rather than a political sect? They are quite common in Germany nowadays, ranging from Ananda Marga (a Buddhist sect) to the Unification Church.

I pride myself on my ability to establish the political motivation of a speaker, or group of speakers, after a few minutes. But that day in Detmold I suffered total defeat. The minstrels were obviously quite critical, even angry. But whether they attacked the state and society from the left, the right, some transcendental point of view, or a mixture of all three remained a mystery. Later that evening in the hotel it occurred to me that perhaps the episode reflected the general confusion here. There is unhappiness with the present state of affairs, but since there are no plausible alternatives, the indignation lacks direction, and the malaise shows itself in curious and paradoxical ways. How serious is it, how deep does it go? The short

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answer is "not very." But I am saying this with no great confidence. There is no good reason why things should go wrong in Germany, but they might nonetheless.

Hamelin

THIS IS the heartland of Germany, of its fairy tales and popular stories. With sixty-five thousand, Hamelin is about the same size as Detmold. It never was the residence of a grand duke, but owing to the Brothers Grimm, Robert Browning, and others, its fame has spread all over the globe. The sixteenth-century houses of the guilds and the burghers have been admirably preserved; for German town planners the city is a model of conservation. Located prettily in a valley, "The river Weser deep and wide / washes its walls on the southern side," just as it did 699 years ago in the unfortunate incident described in the poem. It is virtually impossible to escape the Pied Piper here. He is perpetuated in the names of countless restaurants, coffeehouses, bars, pizzerias, ice cream parlors, statues, and inscriptions. Suddenly a man in medieval garb appears playing the flute. He is accompanied by a small army of children dressed as rats who perform the rat dance. The ceremony is repeated every Sunday at noon for the benefit of tourists, who are mostly Germans.

The historical kernel of the story of the Piper in the multicolored coat, like that of Arminius, is very much in doubt. It first appeared three hundred years after the event. Perhaps it was connected with one of the dancing crazes of the early Middle Ages, or perhaps there was an exodus of young people who went to colonize East Germany. (If so, East Germany has paid back its debt; a great many people who now live in Hamelin are recent refugees from the East.) In any case, the city has been cashing in on the publicity ever since. Hamelin's fair, one of the biggest this side of Coney Island, is a permanent fixture, with its countless merry-go-rounds, cotton candy, hamburger stands, and shooting galleries

The massive crowd consists predominantly of children and post-adolescents. They seem to enjoy themselves, which comes as a surprise after all the findings of the pollsters (known here as *demoscopists*), who say that German youth is in deep despair, and that the younger generation is witnessing the most radical break since the Renaissance in moods and attitudes. It can be seen, they say, in the shift from a concern with money to a concern with the quality of life, in more relaxed attitudes toward work, and in the rejection of civic values. If the pollsters are right, it is not just the usual generational conflict, but a cultural revolution of unprecedented dimensions.

The success of the "Greens" in the last national elections seems to bear out these claims, even though the movement is doomed for the same reasons as the anti-authoritarian trend of the student revolt of 1968. Its epitaph will proclaim that the questions they asked were legitimate, despite their failure to answer them. Weakened by a number of minor scandals and splits, the Greens are already on the decline. An alliance of sundry disaffected groups, they have tried to show that the "iron law of oligarchy" is a fraud, that there can be political parties based on true participatory democracy, that self-government is not a delusion, and that bureaucratic structures are not necessary in politics. This has led to permanent conflict between the rank and file and the leadership which in turn has resulted in a mixture of chaos and paralysis. The Greens will attract more publicity this fall in the demonstrations. They will hold together another year or two, but probably not much longer. Some of them will eventually find their way to the Social Democrats, some to extreme left-wing sects, and many will drop out of politics altogether.

Yet the impulses which gave birth to this movement—pacifism, ecological concerns, and above all *Sinnkrise*—Why accept rules and conventions? Why work? Why live?—will not disappear for a long time. Nor are they limited to this particular time and place. Fascism and communism had no cure for this crisis, but they exuded some magnetism, staged large spectacles, could at least provide a kind of pseudo-legitimation. Parliamentary democracy cannot do even this. It is a system devoid of charisma. It makes no demands on youth, has no ideals, makes no promises, has nothing to offer but relative freedom. In brief, it is a convenience, not a political religion.

IF THIS PROBLEM is universal, how does one explain that Germany has been affected more than other nations? One can only surmise. There has been a traditional quest for the absolute in Germany which has been at the root of many of its outstanding achievements, and the cause of its greatest disasters. This is the reluctance to accept reality and compromise, to live with boredom and imperfection, the single-minded preoccupation with theory and the disdain for common sense. Germany has been the country par excellence of romanticism, and what we witness now is yet another romantic upsurge (or relapse). As so often in the past, the Germans have adopted ideas—good, bad, or indifferent, and pushed them further than anyone else.

Where will it all lead? It will cause some difficulties for the Bonn governments, which have alternatively ignored and exaggerated the mood of the young generation, just as in the late 1970s they took the danger of terrorism far too seriously. The main problem in the coming years will be to find work for young people.

As one scans the crowds in Hamelin on this Sunday afternoon—or indeed in Munich's *Englischer Garten* or anywhere else in Germany, it is difficult to believe that this is a country ridden by fear and anxiety. But the German angst, we are told, is all-pervasive. People are still singing, but with clenched teeth. It has by no means to do only—or predominantly—with the fear of war. Everyone feels threatened; many talk about emigration; millions take tranquilizers; there are 1.8 million alcoholics; more people commit suicide than ever before; 2 million suffer from cardiac neuroses; 822 species of plants are endangered; 150,000 hares are killed each year by drivers on German

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roads. Judgment Day is coming, but a national nervous breakdown may come first.

Some of this is plain nonsense. People may talk about emigration but they don't leave the country; the suicide rate is not going up but declining. It is, in fact, lower than that of many other European countries; about half that of Hungary. There was about as much depression and hypochondria in the romantic nineteenth-century small towns painted by Spitzweg as in German cities today, and the per capita consumption of Valium is probably equally high in other countries. Although some of the anxiety is genuine—I found that one of the most frequent words used by young people these days is *Verunsicherung* (insecurity)—much of it is nothing more than the babble of fashionable intellectuals and journalists, a premature fin de siècle mood, self-generated, providing a topic for conversation at cocktail parties and literary gatherings.

IN GERMAN HISTORY the pendulum has swung between extremes of heroism and hypochondria. In the country of Nietzsche, Wagner, and Stefan George, of the Superman and of national sacrifice, children were taught not so long ago that showing weakness was wrong. In the main auditorium of the *Gymnasium* I attended (as in every other in the 1930s) there was an inscription on the wall saying that it was sweet and honorable to die for one's country. The cult book among the youth movements then was called the Heroes' Primer. It extolled the feats of Siegfried, Roland, the Bushido, and other military heroes sacrificing their lives in hopeless causes according to a strict code of honor. Then came the swing away from heroism: two world wars in which millions were killed, three devastating economic crises, the nuclear bomb, the division of Germany, the cultural crisis, the identity crisis, the legitimation crisis. To a certain extent the cultivation of angst today is a reaction to the pre-1945 official heroism.

We are told that the descendants of Siegfried and the Nibelungen are willing to talk about little else than their their anxieties. There is a false note in this. Do Germans really spend more sleepless nights than other people? Is their country (as some of them claim) really in greater danger than the others? The German churches have made a substantial contribution to the "We are afraid" chorus. But above all it has been the work of some intellectuals. One example should suffice. A textbook was recently published under the title, *The German House on Fire*. The table of contents shows that just about everything in the country has gone wrong. After a few pages the authors concede that the title was perhaps exaggerated and the tenor deliberately shrill. But the purpose, they say, was educational: How could people be galvanized into action if not by a shock? This has been the approach of many thousands of articles, of books, of TV and radio programs. But the German house is not on fire. In fact, compared with the state of affairs in the past, compared with the situation in other societies, it is in reasonably good shape. Sounding the tocsin when there is no fire has become something of a public entertainment in Germany.

On this Sunday in Hamelin, with girls at the fair dancing the can can and the children dancing the rat dance, with the boys in the shooting alleys and the adults drinking their beer with great deliberation, one finds it difficult to believe in the proximity of doomsday. But the German opinion-makers may succeed in talking themselves into a panic; such a predisposition does exist, and it is only too easy to feed it. Since 1945 the attitude of the German intellectuals toward their government has been quite negative—with the exception of one short period, the era of Willy Brandt. Brandt had friends among the writers, and was a good listener. When he went on his state visit to Poland he took with him two leading writers, Günter Grass and Siegfried Lenz. But Helmut Schmidt, who succeeded him, did not think highly of the political, strategic, or economic wisdom of the intellectuals, and he made no secret of it. They turned their back on the Social Democrats, and when the Christian Democrats came to power last year their opposition became even more intense. The economy was about to collapse, the basic freedoms would rapidly be liquidated, and Franz Josef Strauss was about to make war against the Russians. These predictions have not materialized so far: no concentration camps have been opened, and on his visits to Eastern capitals Strauss has been even more forthcoming than Willy Brandt. We are thus back to the old German conflict between *Geist und Macht*, between the "spirit and power." This, at any rate, is how many German intellectuals see it.

Does it matter whether writers, journalists, and filmmakers believe, or pretend to believe, that the German house is on fire? It is of no consequence with regard to election results. The media here cannot *make* a politician or a party or a cause. But they can sow doubt and confusion—and this in a country which traditionally needs certainties and order more perhaps than any other.

THIS IS THE CRUX of the German problem in the autumn of 1983. In politics, as a wise man once noted, what begins in fear usually ends in folly. Hysteria is a bad guide for overcoming threats, however grave. In a situation of this kind, is there not a danger of wild, irrational reaction? We have it on the authority of Adolf Hitler that a nation does not burn its fingers twice: "The trick of the Pied Piper could work only once." But as far as young Germany is concerned, the memory of the Führer has receded into the distant past, and there are tricks to be pulled other than the Pied Piper's. There will be demonstrations and clashes and a great deal of excitement. But even among those most fervently calling us to repent, there is no real belief in the proximity of Judgment Day. The sidewalk coffee houses and the beer gardens are much better attended than the revivalist meetings, and the merrymaking does not resemble a dance on the volcano.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Danton's Life

Danton was directed by Andrzej Wajda, and after the first minute or so, I found this hard to believe. In the opening sequence, Danton and his wife are returning to Paris from the country in the spring of 1794, and their coach rolls past the shrouded guillotine in the Place de la Révolution. Here's Wajda yet again, I thought: pointed prognostication. Not only that, he throws in a few close-ups of the guillotine blade itself. I was resigned to one more trip to Wajda-land, the home of heavy symbols. But I was utterly and delightedly wrong. After that beginning, *Danton* is excellently directed, by far the best work of Wajda's that I know.

Danton
(Triumph Films)

Two elements contribute strongly to this difference, this refinement. First, Wajda has here the collaboration of the Czech master cinematographer, Igor Luther. I'm aware of Luther's work with the Czech director Jakubisko and in France with Robbe-Grillet. (Luther left Czechoslovakia around 1970.) I think this is only his second film with Wajda—the first was for West German TV in 1972—and, from the start, his camera establishes a unique and striking texture: history as *insistence*: the past insisting that it is quintessentially immanent. Luther uses colors with a discriminating "modern" restraint, and he ranges to what seems high-contrast black-and-white. Sometimes the close-ups of Danton look like news photographs done by an artist, as if Danton had been caught in unguarded moments but the object was not surprise but understanding. Faces and faces and faces throughout, along with a sense of architecture as drama (splendid sets by Allan Starski), are used by Luther to create a quasi-documentary feeling without any facile updating. Certainly the look of *Danton* is stratospherically beyond the usual portentous shadows or pretentious atmosphere of most Wajda films.

Second, Wajda's extensive theater experience. He exploits it to more advantage in this film than in others. *Danton* is based on a play by Stanislawa Przybyszewska. I have a photograph of a Warsaw production in 1975 that Wajda directed and for which he did the sets, with the film's Robespierre in that role. The film adaptation provides Wajda with two kinds of theatrical opportunity: the set pieces for individual virtuosities (the Danton-Robespierre private supper; Danton's self-defense before the tribunal), and the crowd scenes. Wajda "gives" the set pieces to his actors as Bergman has often done, relying on their talent and his understanding of it, rather than directing the cinematic blazes out of such sequences. The crowd scenes are as good as any I can remember in films, whether the camera is moving around them where they stand or racing with them through galleries and streets. When Gance shot comparable scenes in *Napoleon*, he gave us the feeling of a master conductor controlling an orchestra. Wajda sees his crowds as molecular, not capital-M Mass but a lot of individuals who happen to be in the same place at the same time. Yet the seeming individual freedoms are well planned and integrated with the movement of the camera. All through those many, invariably vivid crowd scenes, I thought that Wajda was at last fulfilling something he had felt about the play on the stage. (This is conjecture. I don't know the original, but it's hard to believe that a play called *The Danton Affair* doesn't have crowds in it.) I imagined that in the theater Wajda had kept muttering to himself, "If only . . . if only. . . . " Here he was able to do it.

I don't know of any other Wajda film adapted from a play that he has done in the theater. Possibly what has inflated his past work is a feeling of escape from theater discipline, which resulted in the overdone. With *Danton* his film seems the ultimate and just realization of a previous work. The "touches" that he supplies here, instead of being exhibitionist as they have usually been in the past, help the validity. Examples: the wooden floors of the assembly halls creak under the weight and passage of the crowds; Danton, famed for his big voice and generous with it, grows hoarse after long, impassioned speeches.

Danton is played by Gerard Depardieu, ferociously. At least two previous films have been made about Danton, both German: one with Emil Jannings in 1921, one with Fritz Kortner in 1931. I haven't seen the latter; the former was a silent film, so comparison is clumsy. Still Jannings's force in the trial scene stays in the mind, and I'm sure Depardieu's force will do the same. The French actor, marked especially by his vitality, his gusto for food and women, slips into this role like a quick-change artist slipping his arms into the sleeves of a jacket as he walks on stage. I assuredly don't mean that Depardieu glides through the role, only that it fits him like a measured garment. We believe both in Danton's sensuality and his vision. One of Depardieu's dubious appetites as actor is that, apparently, he'll take on anything. Sometimes he ends up in witless roles in witless films, like Beineix's *The Moon in the Gutter*; sometimes his voracity for acting leads him to roles like Martin Guerre and

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Grey Fox. In 1903, an aging ex-con is inspired by an early film, *The Great Train Robbery*, to follow suit. Adventure, charm, humanity.

Pandora's Box/Diary of a Lost Girl. These G. W. Pabst-Louise Brooks films, both made in 1929, are pungent period pieces.

WarGames. A high-school computer freak taps into the NORAD system. Scarily credible comedy, speedily paced.

Zelig. Woody Allen half-does it again. A very bright idea for a social comedy, about a man who changes personae to please people; but after the idea, no film.

SK

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Danton where he is better than he has given us the recent right to expect. Depardieu's stage experience, touched surely by Wajda's help, enables him in this larger-than-life role to make the screen a theater without leaving the domain of film acting, and, in the rhetorical scenes, it enables him to wield language both for meaning and for intoxication.

In a smaller role but trenchant and fine is Roger Planchon, the famous actor-director of the French theater, who was Depardieu's prosecutor in *The Return of Martin Guerre* and who, in different coloration, does the same job here. When Planchon appears, he not only takes command: he implies antecedents and forecasts futures.

Robespierre is played by Wojciech Pszoniak, who has previously played it for Wajda on the Warsaw stage. I have no idea of what he sounds like: here he is dubbed in French. He looks and behaves well enough, though he's a somewhat more physical being than one imagines for Robespierre.

About half the speaking roles—Robespierre's supporters—are played by Polish actors who are dubbed. One role (Lucile Desmoulins) is played by a German, Angela Winkler, and she, too, is dubbed. *Danton* is a French-Polish production. There were both financial and political reasons for using the Polish actors, but the result is a film half-full of binary performances.

THE SCREENPLAY was adapted from the original by Jean-Claude Carrière, Buñuel's old friend, assisted by Wajda and three other Poles. Comparison with Büchner's *Danton's Death* is both inescapable and overwhelming. Let's note only a few differences in the treatment of Danton's character. The screenplay gives us almost nothing of Danton's past actions in the revolution and of his recoil from them. That last is the spiritual locus of Büchner's Danton: the man who, for instance, ignored the September Massacres of 1792 and can no longer ignore them. The increase in enjoyment—of everything from light and air to wine and women—that grows in Büchner's Danton as his faith in political action wanes, this too is absent from the film. (We see only a brief meeting, in public, between Danton and some whores.)

I don't cite Büchner's play as historical gospel, which it is not, but as a genius's use of history to large and

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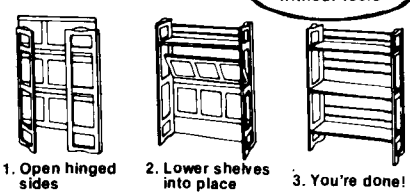

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pressingly immediate purpose. The screenplay uses the story to smaller, polemical purposes. Everyone who sees the film knows that Danton is meant to suggest Lech Walesa, that Robespierre is a stand-in for General Jaruzelski. (When Robespierre goes to the studio of the painter David, he orders the painter to delete from a large canvas a man now out of favor.) Poland's present agony is a gigantic fact; but the honing of the Danton-Robespierre story to fit that situation not only results in a script that is pigmy compared to Büchner—which might not in itself matter if the film helped in contemporary terms—it makes a work that is too neat, too patly applicable, too transparent. The result, as I've heard, is that the French are not happy with what happened to an important moment in their history, and the Polish regime is differently unhappy about showing the picture in Poland. (Wajda's career continues in exile. He has just finished a film in Germany, with Igor Luther.)

Still, *Danton* is not to be missed. Script aside, the making of the film (I can hardly say "execution") is almost incessantly, intelligently exciting. The Wajda who made it is refreshingly genuine.

The withering of the will in the modern world.

CHARACTER AND CULTURE

BY ANTHONY QUINTON

IN 1973, in "Art, Will and Necessity," Lionel Trilling wrote:

> The concept of the will no longer figures significantly in the systematic psychology of our day. Those of us who are old enough to have been brought up in the shadow of the nineteenth century can recall how important the will was once thought to be in the conduct of the personal life, how confidently our parents and teachers pointed to the practical as well as the moral advantages of having a will of developed strength and discipline. Nothing could be more alien to the contemporary style of rearing and teaching the young. In the nineteenth century the will was a central and controlling topic in psychological and ethical theory—as how could it not be, given an economic system in which the unshakeable resolve of the industrial entrepreneur was of the essence, and given the temperaments of its great cultural figures?

I would like to reopen this question, to inquire what character and will actually are; and then, mindful of the fact that the word "ethics" means different things in the two main English-speaking countries—moral practice here, moral theory in England—I shall consider the declining presence of character and will in actual moral life and their distinctly marginal, even furtive, role in organized thinking about morality.

Character is different from personality. Personality is the style or form of a person's presentation of himself, typically in more or less short-lived encounters. It is, therefore, something that can be put on and taken off more or less at will, like clothing or makeup, the device which makes it possible to be all things to all men for those who want to be so. The derivation of the word from *persona*, a mask, is not evidence, but it is surely symptomatic. Character, by contrast, is something more deeply rooted, not innate or unalterable, but at least a fairly hard-won achievement; character is the reality of which personality is the appearance. I am treating personality here in the sense which it usually has in colloquial speech. Psychologists engaged in the study of what they call personality apply the word much more widely to cover the whole range of a person's dispositions, character and personality colloquially understood being among those dispositions but not exhausting them.

Character is essential or fundamental and not, like personality, a matter of the surface. It is modifiable by teaching and, in a way, by effort, unlike such innate and constitutional things as temperament, tastes, and intellectual power. It is comparatively unspecific, unlike abilities and skills. My main claim is that it is in essence resolution, determination, a matter of pursuing purposes without being distracted by passing impulses. It is something that is measured in terms of its strength. Its strength, indeed, is its existence, for the weaker it is the closer it comes to nonexistence. In that respect it is like the will, as we ordinarily conceive it. To have a will is to have a fairly strong one. To have a very weak will is the next best thing to having no will at all.

Is this a peculiar, idiosyncratic notion of character? It comprises, at any rate, three of the four virtues that Plato took to be most important: prudence, courage, moderation. Insofar as his fourth virtue, justice, is taken to be impartiality or fairness—the power, that is, to resist the promptings of immediate affection or favor—it is also a quality of character. The qualities of character I have mentioned are all dispositions to resist the immediate solicitations of impulse. Prudence is a settled resistance to whim, courage to fear, temperance to greed, justice to selfishness or particular affections. One could add industriousness as resistance to laziness, reliability as resistance to taking the easiest way. They are, generally speaking, ways of deferring gratification, of protecting the achievement of some valued object in the future from being undermined by the pull of lesser objects near at hand.

In the light of these considerations I propose that the idea of character is procedural rather than substantive. It is not a matter of having a particular set of desires alongside the instinctive, impulsive desires we share with other animals. It is the disposition or habit of controlling one's immediate, impulsive desires, so that we do not let them issue in action until we have considered the bearing of that action on the achievement of other, remoter objects of desire. Understood this way, character is much the same thing as self-control or strength of will. Like them it may be used for bad purposes. But one may suspect that only those of the most delightful innate temperament and preferences can achieve much morally without it, and then only if their circumstances are very safe and easy—

Anthony Quinton is president of Trinity College, Oxford. This essay is a revised version of a lecture delivered in April at the Lionel Trilling Seminars at Columbia University.

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that is, if all that is required of a moral agent is kindliness.

The cognitive distinguishing mark of the human species is its reasoning power, the ability that we have, conferred by language, to think about what is outside the immediate zone of perception and to work out what to do to produce or prevent future possibilities, contingent on our action, that we find attractive or repellent. Strength of character, by holding in check impulses excited by what is immediately present, allows the cognitive harvest of our reasoning powers to have an effect on what we do. To conceive character in this way is to give an acceptable sense to the idea that reason can and should control the passions.

IN THE English-speaking world we live and move amid the ruins of Victorian morality, in which character and will occupied an important place. Its central theme was one of strenuous self-discipline. It was itself a reaction against the consciously nonstrenuous morality of the eighteenth century which preceded it, and which was, in its turn, a reversal of the gloomy fanaticism of the seventeenth century and the epoch of the wars of religion. Character and strength of will were not repudiated by the secular good sense of the Augustans. Long-term aims were essential for the rational management of life and for morality, which was seen as an indispensable part of that code of rational living. But the aims now approved were secular and terrestrial, to be pursued by steady and prudent application, not with guilty fanatical enthusiasm. Hume's words for morally desirable qualities of character are representative: they are, he maintained, those that are "agreeable or useful," the properties, we might feel, more of an ideal weekend guest than of a collaborator in some risky and ambitious undertaking.

The morality of the eighteenth century was a relaxed and elegant version of the ideal of life of the Protestant commercial middle class, which had been progressively reconciled to life on this sinful earth by the worldly success that had accrued to its hard work and foresight. It was such sober and prudent people who established the first European settlement in North America, people of such moderate outlook as to be capable of using turkey for purposes of celebration. Acquiescing in their own good fortune, they found an emblem, after a century and a half, in Benjamin Franklin, a believer in only the most judicious and economical repression of instinct. By the middle of the nineteenth century an altogether more severe and ascetic ideal of life had replaced his genial accommodation of long-term goals and short-term needs.

The main ingredients of Victorianism are nearly all aspects of an ideal of self-reliance. At the top is industry, in which effort is accompanied by scrupulous workmanship. Honesty and fidelity to promises, so advantageous in the nineteenth-century business world of small enterprises, are seen as required in all people's activities. Waste is deplored, so that opportunity should not be let slip and so that provision is made against ill fortune. Sexuality is narrowly confined within the limits of monogamy. Benevolence is confined to the unfortunate; the merely pitiable do not as such deserve it, since they may be simply failures. Decorum must be maintained, serving as a kind of fireproof matting to keep down smoldering impulses to passion and extravagance.

THIS MORALITY was overcome by two main lines of attack. The first of them is the rationalism of a group of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century thinkers who sought to revive the Enlightenment, notably Samuel Butler, George Bernard Shaw, and Bertrand Russell. They attacked Victorian ideas about sex, property, the relations of men to women, and of adults to children; and, consequentially, the decorum that they saw as preserving the moral errors they attacked at one level and the religion they saw as sanctifying them at another. They hoped that a new, more rational morality would free people to perfect themselves. These late-Victorian and Edwardian moral reformers were themselves people of strong character, richly endowed with will. Shaw and Russell were very hard workers; Shaw was physically ascetic above and beyond the call of Victorianism, undefiled by drink, meat, or sexuality.

The other line of attack on Victorianism was, as far as England and no doubt the English-speaking world in general is concerned, an import from continental Europe, particularly France. What I have in mind is a sequence of hedonisms, by no means closely related or sympathetic to each other. To start with, there is the decadence of the

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1890s, which, in its politer form, was aestheticism, the Paterian life of intense private sensation. After 1918 the sensations pursued become rougher and more primordial, but there is the same desire to shock and to ridicule older pieties. Vulgar Freudianism, the idea that all inhibition is bad, unhealthy, the cause of neurosis, helped to fill the sails of this pleasure-boat. Just as aestheticism had a kind of rural correlate in the sandal-wearing communities of admirers of Ruskin, given to free love or the drinking of fruit juice, so the rural arm of the hedonism of the 1920s was the instinctualism of D. H. Lawrence, who recruited Freud for his own special uses as did the heroines of Scott Fitzgerald and the early Evelyn Waugh.

IN OUR TIME everyday morality, emancipated from Victorianism, takes two principal forms, corresponding in their rough and popular way to the two lines of moral reform I have described. The first is the negatively permissive morality whose ideal of life is one of passive consumption, of the more or less inert enjoyment of material and, one might say, recreational satisfactions. An important feature is the unloading onto something called "society" of the duty of ensuring that the means of satisfaction are available at minimal cost and effort, and also of the responsibility for the failures and crimes of individuals. The quality most admired is amiability, a sort of uncritical endorsement of the wants and acts of others, free from all trace of censoriousness.

The second is the ecstatic morality that enjoins the unrestricted indulgence of instinct up to, and even beyond, the limits of ordinary self-preservation. It is less widespread than permissiveness, being largely confined to the young. On this view all frustration or inhibition is bad and unhealthy. Older ideas of the natural goodness of mankind are reanimated, often with the qualification that innocence can survive only in communities sequestered from the corrupting influences of the urban, industrial world. [In this system of thought the freaked-out adolescent takes over the role of Wordsworth's baby as "mighty prophet, seer blest."]

Both moral styles are, even at their best, hostile to character and will. For the permissive, strength of character is tiresome and embarrassing, a source of unnecessary trouble, spoiling things by its imposition of disagreeable restraints, souring the enjoyment of life with irrational guilt. For the ecstatic, strength of character is more like a disease, a neurotic deformation of personality fostered by individualism and to be helped by immersion in a collectivity in which selfhood is dismantled. From a point of view which neither would accept, both are juvenile: permissiveness in its idealization of the style of life of the pampered child, receiving presents and having fun; ecstaticism in its idealization of the wholly uncontrolled or runaway child, living wildly with a gang.

There is a great deal of social commentary and description in which the decline of character and will has been recorded, with and without implied attitudes of welcome or distaste. There is also a great deal of explanatory material to hand, ranging from the influence of theories at one extreme to that of new modes of social organization at the other. Of theories the most relevant are those that affirm the motivation of human conduct by forces that agents are not aware of, above all Freudian psychoanalysis. In particular, the Freudian account of the conscience or superego as the product of aggression turned by the individual against himself through fear of the withdrawal of parental love suggests that obedience to its commands is some sort of self-mutilation. Perhaps Freud did not intend his theory of the superego to have the comprehensively undermining effect that it has had. To argue that conscientiousness or a sense of guilt can be pathologically exaggerated need not show that conscientiousness in general is a sickness, let alone that character or strength of will is. Freud himself was the unashamed possessor of a will of great strength. There is an instructive aspect to his account of conscience in what he says about civilization. Although he sees it as having some of the qualities of a collective neurosis, he takes the renunciation of instinct it requires to be preferable to the alternative of uncontrolled aggressiveness.

Another factor in the emergence of the characterless self is the decline of religion, or at least its transformation into radical agitation in the interests of various species of underdog. Other features of our times that might be cited in an explanatory way are the prospect of total extinction by nuclear war; the relapse to seventeenth-century levels of brutality in politics, intensified by improved technology; the general disappointment of enlightened liberal expectations as crime has increased at home and despotism abroad, particularly in those parts of the world that have secured political independence from the West. But more to the point, I believe, is the enlargement of the institutions in which people work or with which they are otherwise involved. In the first place, that instills feelings of powerlessness and dependence and so contracts the sphere of action of character and will. Secondly, conscientiousness diminishes when the actions to which it prompts us concern our relations to remote, impersonal organizations rather than concrete individuals.

Whatever the correct explanation may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that a large moral change has taken place in the Western, or at any rate English-speaking, world in the twentieth century. Many would see it as primarily a change in the content of morality, in our conceptions of what actions are right and wrong and of what states of affairs our actions should be morally applied to produce or prevent: specifically that hitherto dominant adult males are on the same footing with women and children, and that the supposed rights of those who earn and own should be subordinated to the claims of those who want and need.

What I am suggesting is that such an account of what has happened does not go far enough—that these changes of content or substance are less fundamental than changes of form which have accompanied them and have altered the whole conception of the moral agent. The liberal or progressive proposers of the changes in moral content that have taken place hoped they would provide conditions in which the dominated or unfortunate would be free to express their strength of character in achievement previously impossible for them. Instead we have witnessed the pervasive decline of character.

CHARACTER and will have been very much neglected in modern moral philosophy as well as in life. In fact, philosophers have neglected the subjects far longer—ever since philosophical reflection on morality began to be conducted in an independently rational manner, abstracted from, although not necessarily in conflict with, the morality of religion, in the seven-

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teenth century. In the century that followed, Butler, Hume, and Kant all still concerned themselves with the topic of virtue, which is closely connected with character, since it is partly constitutive of it. But their prime interest was in rightness or duty, which is a property of actions, and only secondarily with the dispositions in agents from which right actions flow.

Since Hume and Kant the topic of virtue has been largely of marginal concern to moral philosophers. Their main concern has been with the question of whether the rightness of acts is intrinsic to them, as Kant and other rationalists like Samuel Clarke supposed, or is a function of the goodness of the consequences which actions of the kind in question can be reasonably expected to produce. Agreeing in general that virtue is the disposition to right action, they have divided into those who see as virtuous only the Kantian motive, which is more or less guaranteed to lead to right action, and those less rigorous thinkers who admit as virtuous any disposition of agents which tends to right action in most cases.

I USED TO BE satisfied with the Humean view. What I now reject in it is the assimilation it makes of virtues in particular and, by implication, of qualities of character in general, to desires, conceived either as settled preferences or as qualities of temperament. Virtues and qualities of character are, I am now convinced, not just given elements in an agent's appetitive constitution, but cultivated and disciplined modes of choice, by which passive appetites are held in check and so brought into contention with longer term purposes. The distinction can be conveniently illuminated by contrasting two ways in which the slightly archaic word "benevolence" can be taken. On the one hand it can be used to refer to a direct appetite or preference for the happiness of others or, again, to settled amiability of temperament. On the other, it can be taken as something more in the nature of a policy, or a principle of giving weight in one's decisions to others' happiness or well-being.

The emphasis was once very different in philosophical reflection on morality. In the classical world the notion of virtue was the primary or fundamental moral notion. The chief question for the moral philosopher, according to Plato and Aristotle, was not so much "what

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should I do?" asked at some specific juncture, but "how should I live?" or, more exactly, "what sort of person should I be?" Since the early modern period and the resecularization of philosophy the question has become "how am I to find out what I should do?" It is not that that question did not arise for the classical moral thinkers. But the Thrasymachus with whom Socrates argues in the early part of Plato's *Republic* is more a man who does not see that he has a motive for acting justly or rightly than one who is skeptical of conventional beliefs about what it is right or just to do.

MODERN MORAL philosophy, like the rest of philosophy, is inveterately epistemological. And from that point of view, the picking out of certain human dispositions as virtues or morally good qualities of character is secondary. Both Hume and Kant determine the virtuousness of benevolence and fidelity in the one case and conscientiousness in the other by their relation to the independently established moral qualities of actions, that is by their rightness. Cognitively speaking, then, the moral quality of agents is derived from the moral quality of actions. For consequentialists the moral quality of actions is derived in its turn from the value of the states of affairs to which those actions can be reasonably expected to lead.

I have argued that the cognitive preoccupations of moral philosophers in recent times have led them to ignore virtue, and character generally. It is as if they had seen their task as that of considering the activities of the moral agent in the thick of choice, of the moral critic hoping for some ratification of his critical authority, of the moral disputant involved in disagreement with someone who rejects his moral convictions. There is another perspective from which virtue and character bulk larger. This is the perspective of the moral educator. You have to have some confident idea about what is morally right before you can set about getting people to do it. But it is little use knowing what should be done unless you can get people to do it.

In general outline it seems clear enough that two factors operate in the moral development of the normally brought-up child. The first is simple imitation, the second that pursuit of parental approval which Freud painted in such funereal colors. The fact that virtue and character have such humble beginnings does not undermine or invalidate them. Since we start as minute savages it is inevitable that all our higher achievements should start in some more or less deplorable or undignified Yeatsian rag and bone shop. The fallacy involved in denying that is a curious survival of the pre-Darwinian superstition that the greater cannot come out of the lesser.

Not all development or improvement of character is externally induced. There is such an activity as self-examination; it was a habit for our pious forebears, but we are more likely to be pushed into it by some conspicuous occasion for disgust with ourselves. Morally mature human beings ordinarily acquire certain moral preferences, for courage over cowardice, for equability over petulance. There is no paradox in saying that one can be led by these preferences into the effort of seeking to improve one's character. The fact that in such self-improvement one will need to draw on qualities of character such as determination still does not generate the paradox of using a trait of character to bring itself into existence. The man who says to himself "I really must cultivate more resolution" is in a bit of a fix if he has none whatever. You cannot enter the game with nothing at all or develop the muscle in a missing limb.

There is a weird piece of argument in the ethics of Kant which I always used to ridicule. He said that if nature had intended men to make happiness their overriding end, they would have been fitted out with instincts that led them automatically to it. But, since we have reason, our proper purpose must be something different. I am not yet ready to swallow this whole, but I do now have some sympathy for it. Our instincts are not enough; evolution has organized and modified them, and provided us with a long infancy in which the formation of character can take place. If for no more dignified reason, we should hang on to character for self-defense, as the porcupine does to his prickles or the lobster to his shell.

THROUGH VODKA, DARKLY

Moscow to the End of the Line
by Venedikt Erofeev
translated by H. W. Tjalsma
introduction by Vera S. Dunham

(Taplinger Publishing Co., 164 pp., $8.95)

Moscow to the End of the Line was written in 1969 when its author, Venedikt Erofeev, was 36 years old. Or was it written in 1969 by an author named Benedict Erofeev who was only 30 years old? There is, it seems, every sort of puzzle about the author, his life, and his work, and one is even free to choose a name for him. He is Venya in *Moscow to the End of the Line*, and Benny in *Moscow Circles*, the title of another translation published in England and distributed here by Norton. And so Erofeev, the author and also the name of the novel's narrator, is a somewhat blurred, or slurred, reality, as is suitable to his insatiable drunkenness and to the unchecked wanderings of his mind, a mind that is a bizarre and recklessly challenging accumulation of Soviet experience and fantasy.

I remain faithful to the American translation because it was my first meeting with this remarkable composition. The frame of the novel is a journey from Moscow to Petushki, a suburb some sixty miles away. The breaks in the narration are marked by station names, one of which is Hammer & Sickle, a true stop I am told. It is a motionless journey insofar as the accomplishment of the destination is concerned, and yet it speeds with great dispatch through the "inner" Soviet landscape, a landscape beginning and ending with the Kremlin. As the novel opens the Kremlin is

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an apparition not quite real to the drunken Venya. Somehow it never seems to be there, until at the end of the line it shines before him "in all its splendor," overcomes him, perhaps kills him—and just when he thought he had arrived at Petushki.

Venya is a classical weak, good-hearted misfit wandering with an aching head, the vilest of hangovers, through Russian and European culture. *Moscow to the End of the Line* circulated in *samzidat*, where as the author's preface says, it "sold out quickly, thanks to its being an edition of one copy." The book made its way to Europe and has been a success in France and Italy. It is a short work, modest perhaps, a comedy perhaps. "Perhaps" is the measure of a simplicity very disarming and a hilarity quite dismaying.

THE CENTRAL ACTIVITY, indeed the protagonist of the novel, is vodka, vodka consumed and vodka contemplated. Plain vodka and vodka in cocktails mixed with White Lilac eau de cologne or furniture polish or mouthwash and tenderly called by the names of "Balsam of Canaan," "Tear of a Komsomol Girl," "Jordan's Water," or "Aunt Clara's Kiss." Certain readers might experience an unpleasant queasiness as page one tells of Venya's night before. "A glass of Zubrovka. Then later on Kaliaevsky Street, another, only not Zubrovka this time but Coriander." Coriander is sometimes said to have an "antihuman effect" and so "I added two mugs of Zhiguli beer and an Albe de dessert port straight from the bottle." And on "Chekhov Street I downed two glasses of Hunter's. But really, could I cut across Sadovy Circle without a drink? No, I couldn't. Which means I drank something else."

So there he is, Venya, Venichka, on the morning after a night he doesn't remember much about except that he ended up in a hallway. It is his contention that he has never seen the Kremlin because every time he goes looking for it he ends up at Kursk Station. And there he is now, on a cold dawn, at "that most helpless and shameful of times in the life of my people, the time before dawn until the liquor stores open up. How many unnecessary gray hairs has it caused us homeless and grieving brunets!"

In this dreadful state his "angels"—perhaps those friendly spirits who have kept this alcoholic intellectual alive until now—tell him to try the station buffet. He says, "Thank you, angels," and the angels sing out, "Your health, Venya. Don't mention it." At last he is on his way to Petushki where in his dreams "the jasmine never stops blooming and the birds always sing" and where there is a tart waiting for him and his little boy who at three years already knows the letter Y. And back in Moscow there is only a "pair of scraggly socks and work pants, pliers and a rasp, wages on account and overhead expenses—that's what I left behind."

In his drunken musings we learn of his life with four drunken fellow-lodgers and that he has lost his job as foreman on a construction site. Vera Dunham's introduction tells us that Erofeev studied at Moscow University and the Pedagogical Institute in Vladimir. J. R. Dorrell, the translator of the version published in England, says that Erofeev was expelled from Moscow University because of his "exaggerated ideas," a dismissal very easy to credit. In any case, his life has been unremittingly proletarian: a coal stoker in the Ukraine, a store janitor someplace else, a railroad worker and "for the long stretch of eight years, a cable fitter near Moscow." The book signs off with: "While working as a cable fitter in Sheremetievo, Autumn, 1969."

Life on the construction line, in the novel at least, consisted of playing blackjack, getting drunk, and unwinding a cable only to have it ruined by being left out in the rain. Every month the sluggard crew sent in its projections and promises, vowing, "On the occasion of the upcoming Lenin Centennial we undertake to eliminate work-related injuries" or "On the occasion of the glorious Centennial we shall attain a part-time study rate in higher education of one out of every six workers."

Venya decides to make his own production graph. This important looking document in fact represents the levels of alcohol consumed on various days by himself, Totoshkin, a Komsomol member, and old Blindiaev, a member of the Communist Party since 1936. The author is lyrical about his graphs, seeing in them the Himalayas, the Tyrol, the Kremlin Wall and the "stormy petrel's cry" in Gorky's poem, a sentimental invocation of revolution. Somehow the graph is mistakenly sent to the authorities and Venya loses his place at the top. He will never repeat his "sad brush

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with eminence," his foreman's job, and will stay below, that is if the lower strata will have him. "The top strata could not and the lower did not want to, as Lenin might have put it. What does this betoken, connoisseurs of the philosophy of history?"

It is only by quotation that one can give a notion of this heartbroken, feckless, magical lamentation. It is rapid, unemphatic, utterly without vehemence, but it is pure subversion, a daunting tangle of party slogans, odd learning, sentimental Soviet art, and missing dates and waste remaining.

On the train, Venya takes up with three drunken travelers and a wild discourse on the drinking habits of the great takes over the scene. There is Privy Counselor Goethe who didn't drink but had Faust, Mephistopheles, and Werther do it for him. Schiller would "put his feet in an icy bath, pour out champagne and write. . . . He'd go through five glasses and a whole tragedy in five acts would be ready." The story of Mussorgsky is all "laughter and grief." It seems

> Modest Mussorgsky lies dead drunk in a ditch, and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov comes by dressed in a smoking jacket and carrying a bamboo walking stick. Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov stops, tickles Modest with his walking stick and says, "Get up. Go wash yourself and sit down and finish your divine opera *Khovanshchina*!"

Each of the travelers tells his story, the first a tale of someone falling in love with "Olga Erdeli, the renowned Soviet harpist." Speaking of love, they toast the "nobleman from Oryol, Ivan Turgenev, citizen of *la belle France*." A drunken woman joins them and her story is quite mischievous. "Everything started with Pushkin. They sent us a Komsomol organizer, Evtushenkin [Yevtushenko?] . . . who catches hold of me by the calves and asks, 'Has my wondrous gaze tormented thee?' "

Venya recounts his imaginary travels around the world. The United States: "that continent of sorrow," where due to self-satisfaction there is as "much dignity expressed in a minute as would last us for our whole Seven Year Plan." In Italy he thought of renting a cot from Luigi Longo, although he would have preferred Togliatti, had he not been dead. He goes to the Sorbonne where they will not accept his Siberian "logos." In Paris he meets Louis Aragon and Elsa Triolet and tells them he's in despair, "dying of internal contradictions," but Aragon only "looked at me, saluted like an old veteran, took his Elsa by the arm and walked off."

Venya never gets to Petushki and at last he is back at the Kremlin where four people attack him, one plunging an awl into his neck. The notes to Mr. Dorrell's translation suggest that the four men are Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Crying out, "What for? What-for-what-for-what-for?" poor Venya ends his journey to nowhere with, "And since then I have not regained consciousness and I never will."

Erofeev's delirium tremens journey is a tale of restless, hopeless alienation and yet it is soulful in the Russian manner. References, parodies, leaps forward and backward into history, crowd together in the dialogue with a beautiful naturalness, and thus one never feels the hardening, manipulative efforts of the self-conscious satirist. A wild idea for a revolution in Petushki to liberate the alcohol is a sort of updated 1917 Revolution with its plenary sessions and commands to foreign powers. To Prime Minister Harold Wilson: "Get your gunboat out of the Gulf of Akaba, and then do as you wish." The Petushki rebels send postcards to Abba Eban, Moshe Dayan, General Suharto, and Alexander Dubček. "All four postcards were quite lovely, with little scenes and acorn designs."

Everything pours forth on the pages with a euphoric innocence filled with snatches of poetry, Christian memories,

TRAVEL: AFTER A DEATH

In memory of my father

We drove past farms, the hills terraced with sheep.
A rook flapped upward from the stubbled corn:
its shadow fell across my lap one instant
and then was gone. The car was warm. Sleepy,
we passed through Devonshire: sun and showers . . . .
Fields, emerald in January, shone
through leafless hedges, and I watched a man
grasping his plaid cloth cap and walking stick
in one hand, while with perfect courtesy
he sent his dog before him through the stile,
bowing a little like a maitre d'.

We found a room in a cold seaside hotel.
The manager had left a sullen girl
—no more than eighteen—and a parakeet
to run his business while he sunned himself
in Portugal. We watched her rip the key
from the wall and fling it toward us. Why,
I wondered, was the front door wedged open
in January, with a raw sea wind
blowing the woolen skirts of the townswomen,
who passed with market baskets on their arms,
their bodies bent forward against the chill
and the steep angle of the cobbled hill?

There were two urns of painted porcelain
flanking the door. A man could stand in one
and still have room for ashes . . . though he'd have
to be a strange man, like the poet Donne,
who pulled a shroud around himself and called
someone to draw—from life—his deathbed scene;
or like Turgenev, who saw bones and skulls
instead of Londoners walking the streets . . . .
Oh God, when will I own my mind again.

JANE KENYON

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place names, Auntie Masha in Andreevo and Aunty Shura in Polomy. The poignancy of Venya's follies is almost unbearable. It does not appear to me that the appetite for vodka is meant as a satiric extension of the alcoholism in the Soviet Union and of the society's hallucinated distortions. Alas, drinking is too dearly embraced to be anything except itself, that is, Venya's fate and misery, his pleasure and his grief.

Alcohol, seen as a blessing in this case, releases a vision of a world of cant, corruption, and helplessness. The literary art, the design of the whole, the brilliant rhythms of the composition, the pace of the dialogue and the lyrical sweep move one to pity for the author, to a protective concern. Venya's epitaph might be: " 'These thirteen swallows will bring you no joy,' I said, taking the thirteenth."

There is not much information about Erofeev, although Vera Dunham believes he is still alive, still drinking and "cable fitting." She tells us of earlier work: "Notes of a Psychopath," unpublished and circulated privately; a novella about student life; and "Annunciation," a parody of Soviet existentialism.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Elizabeth Hardwick's *Bartleby in Manhattan and Other Essays* was published this spring by Random House.

LEARNING DISABILITIES

The Troubled Crusade: American Education 1945-1980 by Diane Ravitch

(Basic, 384 pp., $19.95)

Although you wouldn't know it from most of our history books, developments in education have been among the influences that have most transformed America since World War II. In the course of almost three decades, educational opportunities, and with them economic upward mobility, have expanded dramatically, thanks to measures that can be compared in our history only to the creation of the land-grant colleges in 1862, and for which no comparison exists in the history of any other nation. The G.I. Bill of Rights opened wide the doors of higher education; segregated schooling, the shame of American education, was struck down as unconstitutional; federal aid to education was extended to such vital missions as raising the quality of teaching and emphasizing the needs of the poor and the physically handicapped. This was, in short, the era that saw the implementation, on a vast scale, of the dreams of Thomas Jefferson and Horace Mann. It was a time of educational triumphs. It was also a time of educational controversies, such as the McCarthyite witchhunts, antisegregation school boycotts, and college student rebellions.

At long last, the period has been described and analyzed by Diane Ravitch. She is an historian of education whose wide-ranging knowledge is matched by deep concern with the relationship between education and politics, between America's schools and America's future. *The Troubled Crusade* does what American historiography usually does not: it places education near the center of national affairs instead of near their periphery. It is thus indispensable for a full understanding of the critical postwar period. Mrs. Ravitch's telling of the story is sufficiently straightforward to instruct even those who look at events through a less conservative lens than she does.

Like any credible account of American politics, a critical review of education must include accounts of follies, of grand strategies gone sour, of great ideas shriveled in small minds. Among these the phenomenon of progressive education is most prominent, and Mrs. Ravitch skillfully analyzes its demise. She describes the idiocies which transformed John Dewey's noble dream of a school that would at once be intellectually sound, democratically conceived, and socially useful, into anti-intellectual double-talk and political inanity. She reminds us that educators who claimed to have children's futures at heart could seriously say that "it is vain and wasteful to take a girl who would make a fine homemaker and try to fit her into the patterns of training which make a lawyer, or to take a boy who would be successful in business and try to fit his training to that which produces doctors." She reminds us of the stupidity of progressive activists who "dared" teachers to create a new social order. Unfortunately the same sort of political posturing was resurrected in the 1960s by new left education critics—with similarly dismal results. If there is a flaw in Mrs. Ravitch's otherwise masterful account of that tragic episode, it is that she touches too lightly on Dewey's greatness and his permanent contribution to American education.

Mrs. Ravitch is at her best when, mindful of the excesses wrought by Dewey's foolish disciples, she deals with the radical and romantic revisionists who dominated the scene in the '60s by ruthlessly drowning out all rational dissent. At their most benign, they tried to impose simplistic total solutions, such as the open classroom, based on very slender observation of a limited application of the idea in some British infant schools. At their destructive worst, they maligned the majority of decent public school teachers and

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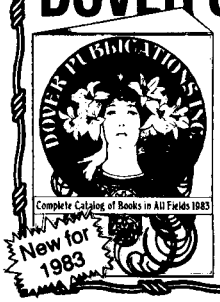

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administrators and fantasized about bringing down the political system by such wild schemes as "de-schooling" American society. That scheme was a mad resurrection of the old notion that the state would wither away if the school could be made to do so first. The modern critics of the era called the schools joyless and oppressive (which some undoubtedly were, and still are); the extravagant and irresponsible critics charged the schools with being "genocidal."

Mrs. Ravitch has performed a vital service by exposing all this mischief. Exposed, too, are the dashed hopes of parents and children who were deceived by promises of "liberation" from allegedly inept or malevolent public schools. She also suggests the harm that can result when the news media, and even the other agents of publicity within the education community itself, allow themselves to be conned into extolling the false promises of utopians.

Still, the follies of the educational left, rendered more dangerous by its reluctance to resist and denounce its own radical fringe, must not obscure the threats to our schools that come from the radical right. *The Troubled Crusade* effectively treats that threat too: the witchhunts, loyalty oaths, political smears, and censorship that tried to pollute, and sometimes did pollute, the atmosphere of freedom in which all genuine learning takes place. It chronicles the valiant service rendered by those—such as Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Elmer Davis, Henry Steele Commager, and James Wechsler—who stood up for the attacks and repulsed them, at least for the moment. Although I share Mrs. Ravitch's faith in the ultimate triumph of the democratic process, I cannot share her rather sanguine conclusion that, even during the worst of the witchhunts, "dissent was never choked off." Prominent voices, it is true, could still speak out, but unknown teachers and principals uncertain about their own futures were less likely to do so, and some who did lost their jobs.

While the crusade to expand educational opportunities in the thirty-five years covered in this book is often troubled by controversy, the forward march is never stopped for long. After World War II, the educational establishment was in disrepair, but the pressures of the baby boom soon put education at the top of the national agenda. (The unique efforts of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, founded in 1948 and oddly omitted from this generally comprehensive chronicle, helped to organize support from the grass roots up into the early 1950s.) After another period of debate and drift, Sputnik shocked the nation into a demand for better schools. Federal action in the form of the National Defense Education Act, and academic action by leading university scientists to improve the science curriculum, boosted quality, at least temporarily, until the radical egalitarians of the '60s chipped away at some of the reforms—and introduced some controversial ones in the social sciences. Mrs. Ravitch's account of the debate over such programs as "Man: A Course of Study," which angered the political right and troubled many nonpolitical educators as well, should be carefully read by any new wave of school reformers.

As for the reforms that began with massive federal subsidies under the Johnson Administration as part of

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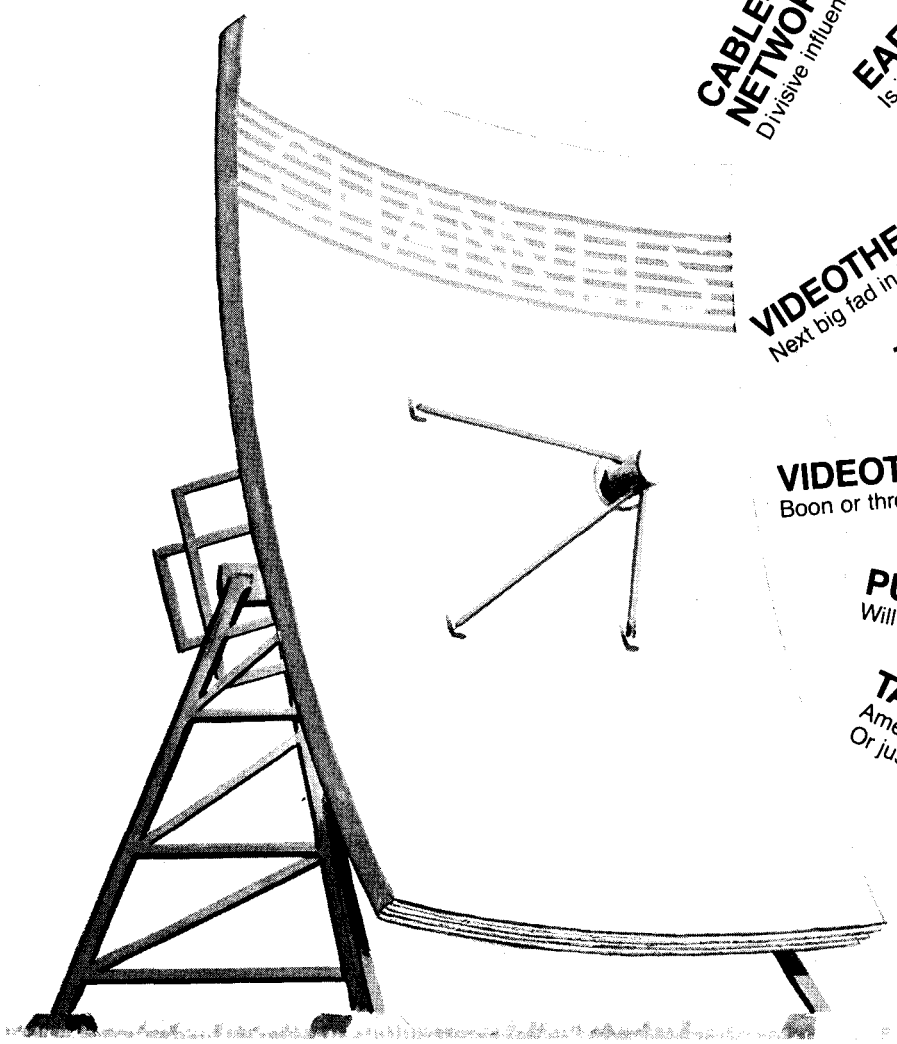

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the war on poverty, Mrs. Ravitch's assessment of the ultimate results is rather bleak. Naturally the negative reports on such achievements as Project Head Start, reports which only served the political and fiscal purposes of the Nixon Administration, should be viewed with suspicion. Still, I agree with Mrs. Ravitch's concern about government action that responds primarily to demands by special interest groups and forgets "the common interest, the idea that made common schooling possible."

Such cautions are pertinent today: there is a danger that too much interference will ruin school reform. As Mrs. Ravitch sees it—quite accurately, I believe—too many state legislatures are too eager "to tell teachers how to teach and what to teach." On the encouraging side, however, the political and educational rhetoric of the '60s, with its misguided and ultimately insulting glorification of "the culture of poverty," and derogation of "middle-class values" seems to have faded finally into oblivion.

One may argue with Mrs. Ravitch's less than enthusiastic view of the federal and judicial role in education; but she is surely justified, in the light of past history, in her suspicion of panaceas and her ardent and intelligent defense of "piecemeal change." "Although for nearly twenty years alternating waves of reforms and crusades had swept through the schools, they seemed to be in some ways unchanged," she writes. "But every effort to make the schools better had left its mark. The more limited and specific the goal, the more likely was the reform to endure."

This analysis holds a lesson for today. The air is crowded with calls for school reform, and generally such a mood is cause for celebration. But once again, there is a temptation for politicians to demand miracles. Moreover, in the admirable attempt to awaken the public to the needs of the schools, some advocates of reform are giving the impression that the schools are worse than ever, which is as counterproductive as the reply that the schools are better than ever.

Those who have lost faith in American education as well as those who truly wish to help the troubled schools might do worse than to keep in mind Diane Ravitch's concluding judgment:

> In the crusade against ignorance, there have been no easy victories, but no lasting defeats. Those who have labored on behalf of American education have seen so many barriers scaled, so much hatred dispelled, so many possibilities remaining to provide the basis for future reconciliation. . . . If it seems naively American to put so much stock in schools, colleges, universities, and the endless prospect of self-improvement and social improvement, it is an admirable, and perhaps, even a noble flaw.

FRED M. HECHINGER

Fred M. Hechinger writes a column about education for *The New York Times*.

A HUSTLER, A HERO

Father Divine and the Struggle for Racial Equality by Robert Weisbrot

(University of Illinois Press, 272 pp., $17.50)

It is one of the few misfortunes of successful evangelists that in the eyes of the unconverted they usually stand guilty until proved innocent—an absolution they are seldom granted. They are judged to be guilty, that is, of engaging in a fraudulent enterprise and profiting handsomely from it. It is hard to say, exactly, why this view is so commonly taken of them. Perhaps it is because performance—calculated emotional and rhetorical display—is so central to the devices by which they attract and capture their following; or perhaps it is because they often manage to look so prosperous, while those who exalt and support their ministry show so many signs of need. Whatever the reason may be, that distrustful and belittling estimate is much the one that has been made of Father Divine, the most successful and celebrated black evangelist of the 1930s and 1940s. And it is that conventional appraisal which Robert Weisbrot seeks to alter in his scholarly biographical study of Divine, the best and most thoughtful treatment the preacher has yet received. His book is a work not only of patient reconstruction and evaluation but of advocacy as well. Like a devoted counsel for the defense, Weisbrot sets out to instruct and broaden our view of Divine, and to argue the merits and importance of a man he clearly considers to be one of the more underrated and unjustly maligned cult leaders of the century.

DURING THE DEPRESSION, the black urban masses, notably in Harlem, turned for spiritual and material succor—and in greater numbers than formerly—to such charismatic folk preachers as George Becton, Rosa Horn, Daddy Grace, Lucy Smith, and Father Divine. None offered so much as Divine, and, partly as a result, none was so adulated. Divine had come a long and somewhat mysterious way to his moment of glorification. Raised in the Deep South, where he served an early apprenticeship in preaching, he arrived in New York in the first decade of the century, and began his storefront ministry in downtown Manhattan, where the city's black population was then concentrated. From there, he moved first to Brooklyn, then to the town of Sayville, on Long Island, and later, in 1932, to Harlem—where he was acclaimed as a black messiah, an evangelical version of the New Deal, and the most arresting mass leader since the days of Marcus Garvey.

This king of glory was a short man, just over five feet, with broad shoulders and a bald head. He came from poor and obscure origins, and had done little in his life except preach, yet he seemed, even before he established himself in Harlem, to have acquired considerable wealth. Where did it all come from? Perhaps further to mystify his believers, he always declined to declare its sources. He dressed tastefully and dashingly in double-breasted suits, sometimes in homburgs and sometimes in fedoras, and often enough in black-and-white shoes. He lived sumptuously, was attended by a raft of secretaries and lawyers, and rode in some of the finest chariots that Detroit produced. He preached love and peace and justice and racial harmony. And, as he continued to make clear, his goods and his

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services were available to all, without price.

His name had also undergone a series of messianic transformations. After shedding the George Baker of his birth papers, he became known as Major J. Divine, as the Reverend Major Divine, as The Messenger, and, finally, as Father Divine—at which stage of his metamorphosis the Father began encouraging the view that his name and his powers were more or less synonymous with God's. It was after he moved to Sayville that he acceded to that status—"the true and living God," as, persuaded by his words and deeds, his followers accepted him to be. When poor Harlemites journeyed over to Sayville to partake of The Messenger's blessings, it occurred to them that while he fed them lavishly and was himself "never in want," he did no work whatever and had no visible means of support. "It seemed miraculous to his disciples," St. Clair McKelway and A. J. Leibling wrote in *The New Yorker*.

> There was a fine dinner every evening, and the Messenger always had a roll of bills in his pocket. When his disciples wondered at such things, and asked the Messenger to explain them, he would say, "God will provide," and smile on them from the head of the table.

IF THERE were any among his followers who still wished for a surer sign of his "omnipotence," they received it in 1932. Early that year, the white residents of Sayville, unhappy with the size and character of Divine's religious fetes, brought him up on a charge of disturbing the peace. The verdict went against the preacher, and Lewis J. Smith, who presided at the trial, imposed a fine of $500 and a sentence of twelve months in jail. That, as it turned out, was Smith's last judicial act, for three days after passing sentence he collapsed and died—"dropped dead," as Divine's people said—from an apparent heart attack. Divine was by no means surprised. When news of Judge Smith's death reached him in his jail cell, the Father remarked, very calmly, "I hated to do it." This, among his followers, was the final revelation of his celestial powers. As Robert Weisbrot writes, "The trial and its aftermath had been all a messianic figure could wish for. This episode marked Divine's passion, crucifixion, and resurrection all in one." Released on bail, soon after Smith's demise, Divine abandoned Sayville and set up headquarters in Harlem—where the majority of his worshippers lived, where his ministry flourished as never before, and where he wielded an influence unmatched by any other grass-roots preacher of his time.

That influence was, of course, chiefly among his followers, who had multiplied in the wake of the Sayville events. People who had no need or desire for the blessings he conferred—or were firmly pledged to the deity they had been raised to acknowledge—made as much fun of Divine's bread-and-butter ministry as of his claims to be the true and living God. Where they were concerned, he was nothing but a rogue and a sham, another of the resourceful financial operators that the history of grass-roots religion had produced. They took the view that if Divine was attracting "the mobs and the shekels" or was drawing members from the regular churches, it was only because he put on "a good show"—and because poor blacks had a weakness for any performance that took their minds off their hardships.

Derision of that sort failed to dampen the ardor, the "ecstatic enthusiasm," of Divine's flock. They knew what they knew. They knew that he was a balm to their spiritual hurts and a generous provider of food and shelter. They knew of no other religious institution that was so free and bountiful with its favors. Divine attracted them, Weisbrot writes, "in part because he seemed the ultimate role model for many poor, uneducated blacks seeking evidence that they could improve their lot." They felt at ease with his "earthy humor, colloquial speech, and an accent unmistakably from the black belt." They were inspired by his "almost incomprehensible powers," his gift for planning and executing million-dollar deals, his distribution of charity "with funds from unknown sources," and the style with which he challenged white authority—"with a boldness and success that surely was miraculous." In the early and lively 1920s, Marcus Garvey, the great black nationalist thunderer—who, for present purposes, might also be called the John the Baptist of racial messianism—had foretold the coming of a black God; and now, in the depressed

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and ruined '30s, "thousands in the ghettos . . . professed to see that prophecy fulfilled in the person of Father Divine." Indeed, his sounded very nearly like the voice of God, as when he gave his followers these words of assurance:

> I am a free gift to mankind. Of the plenty and abundance which I have I give you freely. I ask only your faith. I take nothing. I take your sorrows and give you joy. I take your sickness and give you health. I take your poverty and give you prosperity, for I am the spirit of success and health. None who has faith in me need suffer from depression. No depression has descended upon the kingdom of God.

The black masses who revered him had never seen his like before.

Nor, apparently, had the whites who—according to Weisbrot—formed about 10 percent of his membership. How, one may wonder, did they come to be there? It seems they were drawn to Divine's movement not so much for its material offerings as for its spiritual ones. They sprang from various class backgrounds, and, unlike the mass of the Father's worshippers, were relatively educated and affluent. They were prominent among his legal and secretarial personnel. Many of them had joined up because they were "impressed by Divine's spiritual knowledge and demeanor" and by "the idealism his other followers demonstrated—living chaste, upright lives, and dedicated to the brotherhood of all mankind." They "mingled easily, even willingly, with the more numerous black adherents . . . and proved as completely devoted to [Divine's] leadership." This, Weisbrot points out, "was a rarity in American society, where religious activities were almost wholly segregated."

THE EXAMPLE OF Divine's ministry was as unprecedented in the experience of his harshest critics—the orthodox black clergymen and other elements of the black middle class—as it was in the experience of his followers; only the clergymen and their like found it unprecedented chiefly for its impudent claims to divinity and for the social hand-outs by which it raided the pews of the established denominations. The younger Adam Clayton Powell, prince of the prestigious Abyssinian Baptist Church—and a gifted and engaging mass orator himself—denounced Divine as "the colossal farce of the twentieth century." R. C. Lawson, another of Harlem's orthodox religious paladins, described Divine as "corrupt, blasphemous, a false preacher, and an anti-Christ of the modern era." Writing in the Baltimore *Afro-American*, Ralph Matthews, a widely read black journalist of the period, came to the sneering conclusion that it was "by a direct appeal to the stomachs of the down-and-outers" that the Father had won his claims to deity, since it was "no hard job for a hungry man to believe in anything that relieves his cramps."

IT IS SURPRISING that such critics made no attempt to distinguish between Divine's putative or risible claims to divinity and his quite laudable contributions, during the Depression, to the material relief of the needy. In a time like that—a period of urban joblessness and privation, such as even blacks had never known before—churchmen and intellectuals might have been expected, whatever were their other reservations, to say a word in praise of Divine's efforts at philanthropy and economic amelioration. They seemed to be saying, instead, that Divine, by extending the social aid he did, was bribing converts to his movement. But had Divine not done so—had he not extended that social assistance—his critics would most certainly have charged him with a heartless disregard of his followers' needs, a cynical exploitation of their faith, and a grave betrayal of his responsibilities as a moral leader. Perhaps the failure or refusal of his critics to accord him his social due was not so surprising, after all. It was probably only a sign of their implacable opposition to his work, their deep and unappeasable resentment of the means, the seductions, by which he had won the allegiance of the God-conscious masses.

Of Father Divine's once great organization and influence very little remains today. His ministry faded away in the years after the Depression; and he himself died in 1965, at an advanced age, more than two decades after he abandoned Harlem for new headquarters in Philadelphia. But the contrasting estimates of him are still alive and well.

Robert Weisbrot finds both categories of judgment—the one that deifies Divine and the one that disparages him—to be equally shallow and facile. In his opinion, neither does justice to the true significance of Divine's work; neither takes account of his "reform legacy," the serious contributions he made in the realms of social change and racial uplift. This failure, Weisbrot submits, results from the tendency of admirers and traducers alike to dwell upon the charismatic and otherworldly sides of Divine's ministry—a focus that "has sadly distorted the character" of the Father's activities, by permitting "the term 'cult' both to oversimplify his complex movement and to envenom appraisals of his reform efforts."

Those efforts, as Weisbrot outlines them, were made and coordinated from within Divine's Peace Mission movement—a network of worshipping places, business and social ventures, residences, hostels, and programs of political outreach. During the 1930s, the Peace Mission was "the largest realty holder in Harlem." It financed the establishment and operation of grocery stores, restaurants, barber shops, food wagons, shoe-shine stands, coal-selling and dry-cleaning enterprises. It ran employment agencies for the jobless. It bought and developed "over 2,000 acres of choice property far from the city slums." It housed hundreds and fed thousands at splendid weekly banquets. It urged the values of thrift, sobriety, self-reliance, sexual abstinence, and racial harmony. It took stands on various racial and political issues of the day, and formulated its own platform for what it called a "Righteous Government." It is Weisbrot's view, and hardly anyone will quarrel with it, that the Peace Mission movement—which handled and accumulated millions of dollars during the Depression—"was easily among the most impressive examples of cooperative enterprise in the nation."

Weisbrot also shows convincingly that in all of Divine's social, economic, and political initiatives the Father differed markedly from the other, competing black evangelists and cult leaders. Largely exploitative and manipulative in their ministry, those leaders displayed little of Divine's "social activism" in behalf of the needy, little of his desire to function as a "force for social change." Weisbrot also shows, just as convincingly, why Divine's movement was so much more appealing to the masses—many among them having recently arrived from the rural South—than the grand churches of Harlem. "While the Depression accented lower-class desires for an emotionally expressive religion," he writes, "numerous

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urban churches tended to favor a more formal, decorous service . . . as a display of piety and bourgeois refinement." And while philanthropic and social-welfare activity was ancillary to the work of the orthodox religions—even during the emergencies of the Depression—it was central to the spirit and conception of Divine's movement. It exemplified his stated conviction that "religion should chiefly promote justice and prosperity in this world."

Weisbrot is somewhat less convincing when he advances Divine's claim to a large influence in the arena of public affairs or on the progress of civil rights nationally. While Divine was by no means silent in these matters, his influence there doesn't seem to have been as significant as the one he exerted in the social, economic, and religious life of his own followers. He was a good deal further from the center or the "vanguard" of the national movement for black political and civil rights progress than either he or his biographer suggests. His political influence was probably most noticeable and effective in the voting booths of Harlem—and other cities of the North where there were branches of his movement—since, because of his sizable and disciplined following, political candidates often courted his approval and vied for his endorsement. And while Divine took part in local community activism, such as helping to lead street demonstrations against Jim Crow department stores in Harlem and elsewhere, there's not much evidence today that he had any national impact as a reform leader, or that he substantially aided and advanced the struggle, nationally, for equal rights. In the 1930s and 1940s, it was a traditional protest organization, the N.A.A.C.P., that led the vanguard of that struggle and made most of whatever national inroads were made during those decades. Nor was Divine willing to lend his endorsement to certain of the strategies and initiatives that some protest leaders deemed vital to the movement for social change and equal opportunity. For instance, he turned thumbs down on the idea of black membership in labor unions, and discouraged his own followers from joining. This was at a time when the expansion of economic opportunity among the black laboring classes demanded—short of their working at menial jobs or as hated strike-breaking scabs—that they launch an attack upon the racial

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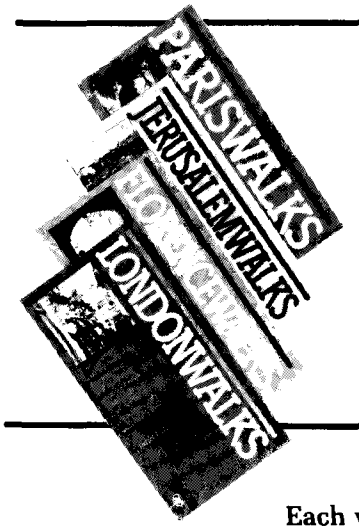

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barriers that had excluded them, historically, from the organized labor movement. That attack was made, and, without Divine's support, achieved considerable success. Moreover, the organized labor movement, after yielding significantly to black pressure for inclusion and recognition, threw much of its weight and muscle behind the legislated civil rights victories of the 1960s.

But in entering these few dissents from the case that Weisbrot makes for Divine, one detracts little from his absorbing and impressive revaluation of the man. He may not have succeeded in exonerating the Father from every shred of suspicion surrounding his operations, especially about the sources of his personal wealth, but he achieves a great deal more than any other biographer of Divine has. He elevates his subject from the rank of a canny religious hustler—which Divine occupies in much of historical memory—and illuminates his position as a creative and socially conscious mass preacher, who, in his own fashion, carried out the church's obligation to remedial and progressive action among the deprived, the oppressed, and the underprivileged.

JERVIS ANDERSON

Jervis Anderson, who works at *The New Yorker*, is the author of *This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-1950* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

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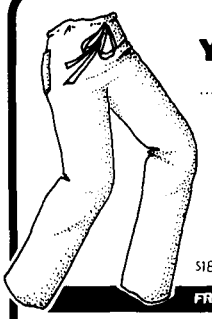

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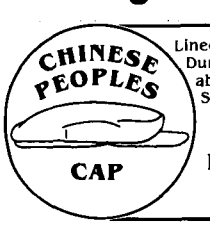

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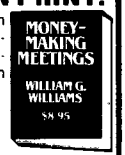

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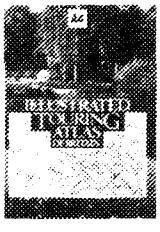

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Joinings

THREE FLAGS FLUTTER outside McDonald's at Manoa Marketplace in Honolulu: Old Glory, the golden arches, and the Hawaiian flag—a Union Jack set against eight broad stripes in red, white, and blue. In addition to the standard array of fast foods, you can get Oriental noodles here, known as *saimin*, for eighty-nine cents. The noodles, which come in a bland soup, accompanied by chopsticks and a pouch of soy sauce, are cheap and filling. As Somerset Maugham said when he visited Hawaii in 1921: "It is the meeting place of East and West."

WHEN CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, searching for a Northwest Passage, discovered the islands in 1778, the native population numbered about 300,000. Seventy-five years later the first official census reported only 71,019 people; the rest were decimated by diseases imported from the West. The same 1853 census registered 1,600 Caucasians, 364 Chinese, 87 Portuguese, and 62 "Others." Throughout the nineteenth century people were recruited from all over the world for the sugar plantations, where the natives would not work. By the time of Maugham's visit, native Hawaiians accounted for only 9 percent of the population of 256,000. Today 900,000 people live on the 132 islands of Hawaii. The two largest ethnic groups—28 percent each—are the Caucasians and the Japanese.

IMPORTED BIRDS, like their human counterparts in Hawaii, tend to congregate in cities. The volcanic islands, first formed millions of years ago, lie nearly twenty-five hundred miles away from the nearest continent. Early flora and fauna arrived by accident, carried by ocean tides or blown off course by strong winds. There were about seventy kinds of birds in the islands when the Polynesians arrived some thousand years ago, bringing with them the pig, the dog, and the fowl. (There were no mammals here until then; even today there are no reptiles or amphibians.) The acclimatized birds lived happily until the arrival of Captain Cook, who left behind some goats, soon to be supplemented by horses, cows, sheep, rodents, and cats which upset the ecological balance with their eating habits. The Common Myna—a waddling mimic—was introduced from India in 1865; the red-crested Brazilian Cardinal arrived in 1928. Various bulbuls—"unauthorized cage releases," according to the Audubon Society—are fruit eaters, and along with other exotic latecomers, pose a threat to the native birds. Two dozen of the latter species have become extinct. A similar number is on the endangered list, including the NeNe, a goose which learned to survive on bare volcanic slopes. (As every crossword puzzle lover knows, the NeNe is the state bird of Hawaii.) Fish, I am glad to report, are doing better. The Polynesians raised them in ponds and forbade their capture during spawning periods. A third of the Hawaiian reef fish are endemic and cannot be found anywhere else. The shoreline of the geologically young islands has not been eroded enough to have the shelves on which corals flourish. Nevertheless,the fish are spectacular: Blue Speckled Boxfish, Ornate Butterflyfish, Moorish Idols, Bigeye Squirrelfish, Red-Shouldered Tangs, and the Ugly-Faced Scorpionfish. And what peculiar sex habits: pregnant male seahorses, Wrasse females undergoing sex changes at will, male cardinal fishes carrying the eggs in their mouths until they hatch.

THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE remained unwritten until the arrival of the missionaries in 1820. It consists of five vowels (a, e, i, o, u) and only seven consonants (h, k, l, m, n, p, w) and it can send the traveler reeling. Say you are lost in Honolulu and are trying to return to Kailua, or was it Kahala? No. Kanehoe, or perhaps Kalakaua? How about Kapiolani? Keeaumoku? Some words are long. The trigger fish is *humuhumunujunukuapuaa*. The book on the seal of the University of Hawaii is titled *Malamalama*, "The Light of Knowledge." *Hale* is a house; *Haole*, Caucasian; Hula, a dance. The missionaries established Hawaii's first formal schools, in which they taught the three R's in Hawaiian; by the end of the nineteenth century English was the primary language of the government and the public schools. School attendance became compulsory, and despite the continuing influx of foreign laborers, the literacy rate kept rising. It grew from 49 to 85 percent between 1890 and 1930. I was thus surprised to find only two bookstores in the vicinity of the sprawling University of Hawaii. One was a dusty little place which wasn't doing much business. The other, on campus, featured books on running in one display window, Garfield in the other.

ETHNIC TENSIONS have been mostly economic and cultural in nature, surfacing with new waves of immigration. Integration usually occurred within one generation, as new economic opportunities opened up. But like second- and third-generation minorities on the mainland, ethnic groups in Hawaii are now showing more interest in their heritage. Some native Hawaiians seek reparation for losses of land and property incurred by the 1898 annexation. Many Japanese-Hawaiians are studying flower arrangement and Japanese. Yet the traditional tolerance of the Hawaiians, inherited from the Polynesians, continues; and 40 percent of all those living in Hawaii today marry outside their ethnic circle.

THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS, no longer economically viable, have been gradually replaced by tourism as the No. 1 industry. In 1982 nine hundred thousand Hawaiians welcomed four and a quarter million visitors, of whom 38 percent were foreigners. And it is not hard to see why, with the islands' snow-covered volcanic peaks, lush, razor-edged canyons, lava deserts lapped by the sea, and trade winds. Yet at Waikiki, still the favorite tourist attraction, the golden sands have been spoiled by holiday crowds and sleazy souvenir shops. Here young white men push paddycabs—cousins of the rickshaws—for tourists from Asia, where those archaic vehicles have disappeared. Another stop on every traveler's itinerary is the *U.S.S. Arizona* Memorial at Pearl Harbor, where the history of December 7, 1941, is retold. Brochures and tour announcements come in two languages, English and Japanese. Japanese tourists line up in front of the Memorial for the obligatory photograph as Americans look on.

NITZA ROSOVSKY

Nitza Rosovsky is the author of *Jerusalemwalks* (Holt, Reinhart & Winston / New Republic Books).

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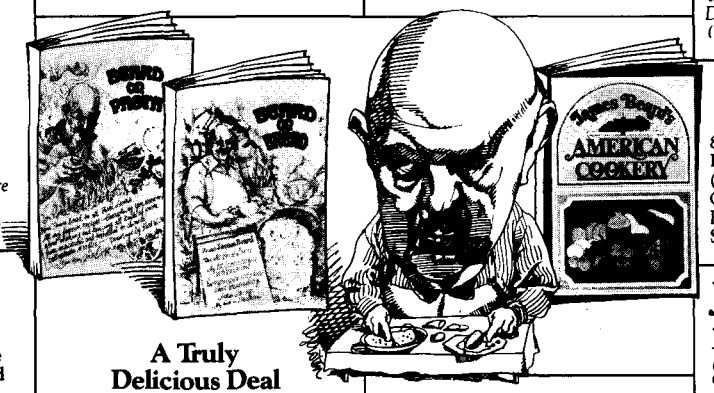

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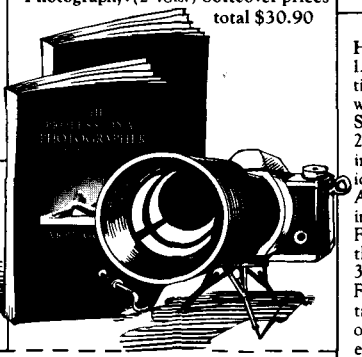

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